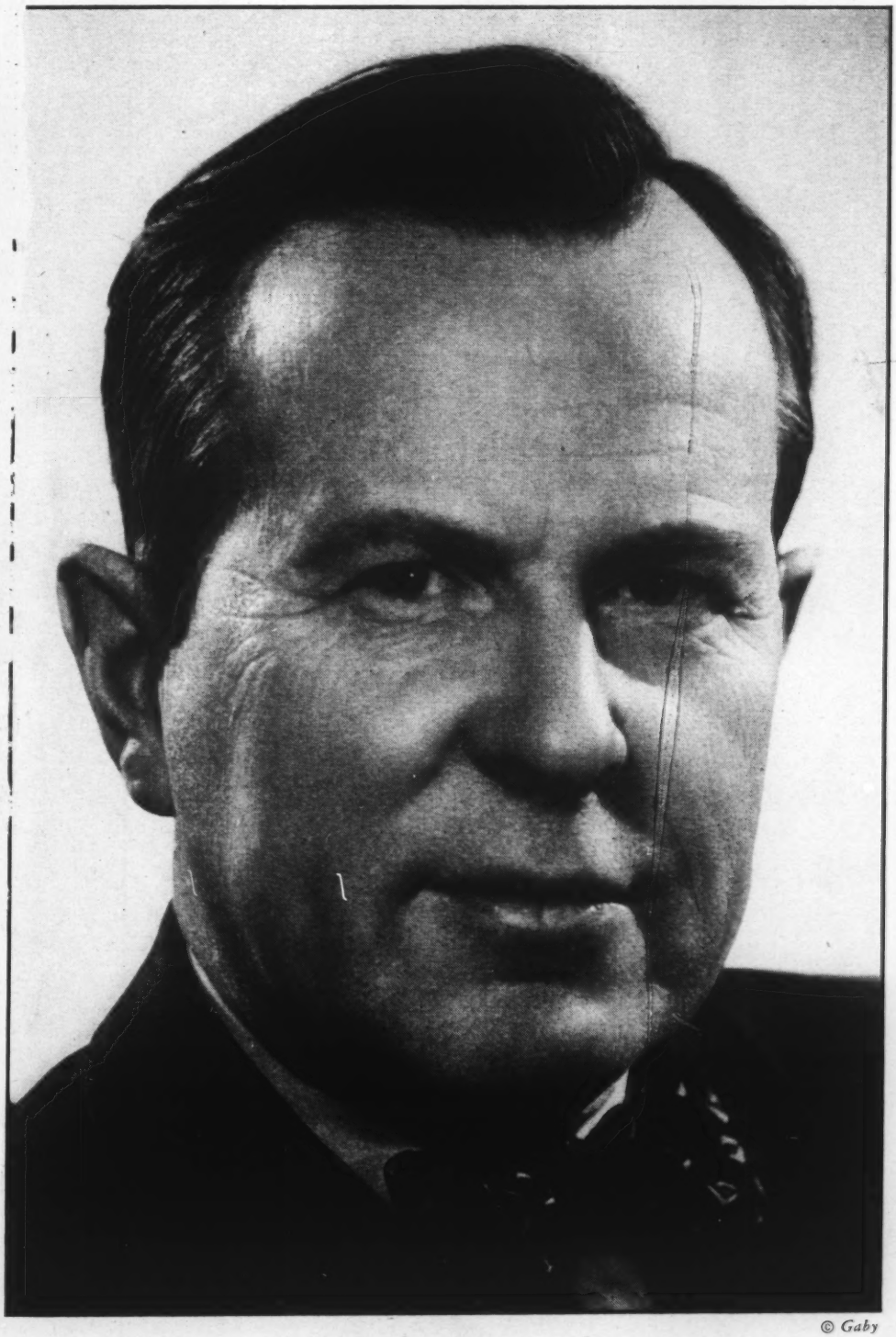
Saturday Night

JANUARY 7TH 1956 TEN CENTS



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The Hon. Lester Pearson: "This other Eden"? (Page 9).

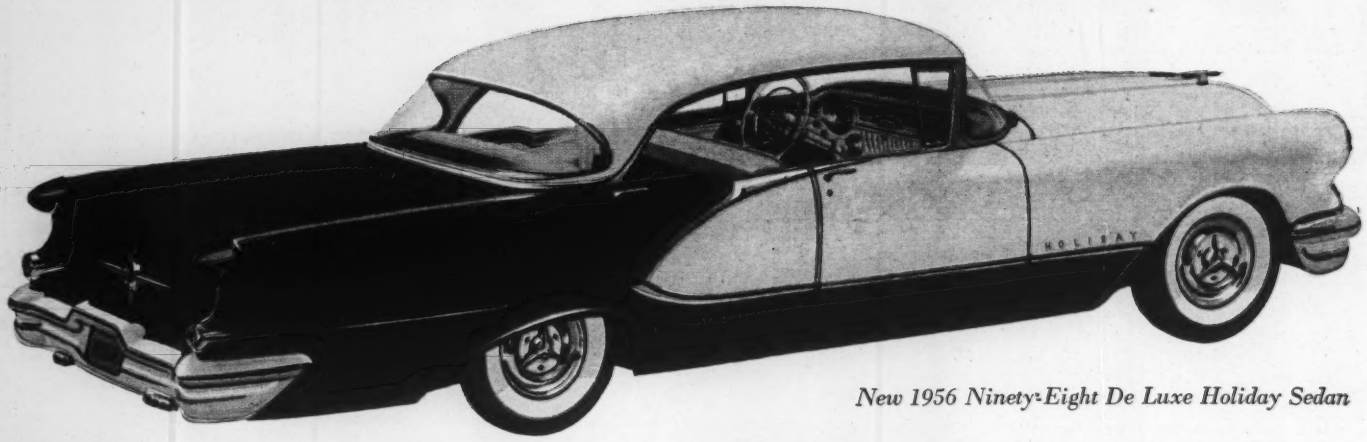
The Front Page

A YEAR ago, the great nations of the world were talking about disarmament. Canada's Parliament was laboring through the preliminaries to a long sitting. The West was worried about what the Communists were doing in Asia. Canadians, always suspicious of their big neighbors, were talking about the danger of economic domination by U.S. business (in Toronto, an American vice-consul quit his job and snarled, as he left, "I'm leaving Canada and I'm glad . . . Imagine a Canadian whose nation has co-existed with the U.S. for 180 years bitterly denouncing the 'expansionist and aggressive' Yankee!"). And all over North America there were anguished appeals for less conformity of thought and more respect for the English language.

In other words, things were pretty much as they are today. There are the necessary exceptions, of course; a year ago there was a tragic amount of unemployment, even the hardiest optimist was not suggesting that inflation might become a threat because Canadians would be earning more, spending more and borrowing more than ever before, and there was no indication that the Russians would burst forth with the year's most successful song-and-dance team, Khrushchev and Bulganin, to spread smiles, japes and merry threats across a good part of the world. But twelve months do not take up much space in time and the face of an age does not change a great deal in just

The Canadian in 1955
by Hugh MacLennan: Page 6

Oh-h-h! those '56
OLDSMOBILES!



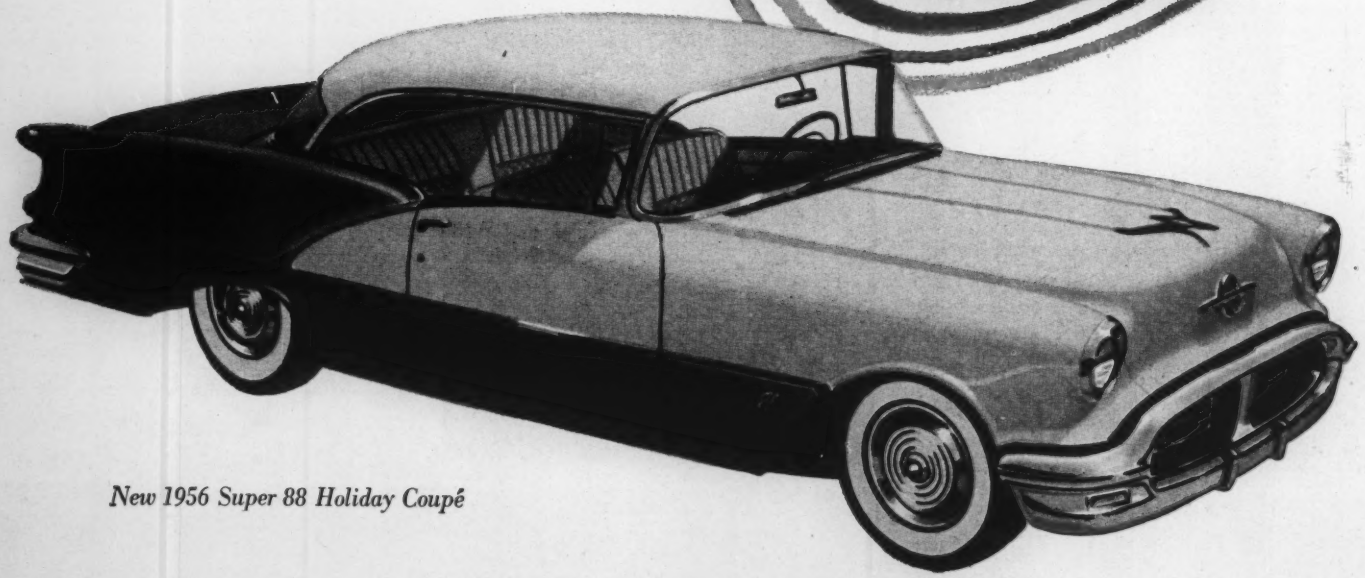
New 1956 Ninety-Eight De Luxe Holiday Sedan

with new *Jetaway* HYDRA-MATIC

ALL THE *Flow* OF FLUID . . .
ALL THE *Go* OF GEARS!

Liquid-smooth and lightning-quick! Oldsmobile's new Jetaway* Hydra-Matic gives you the flashing action of gears plus the velvet smoothness of two fluid couplings. The result is almost an airborne feeling—quiet, swift and incredibly smooth. And in appearance, the new Olds is a standout, too. With inspired new Starfire Styling—a daring, different look from every angle! See the cars that are out ahead to stay ahead . . . Rocket Oldsmobiles for '56!

*Standard on Ninety-Eight series



New 1956 Super 88 Holiday Coupé

a year. As December came to an end, Russians, Canadians, Americans and most other people were running fairly true to form. Communists were still acting up in Asia and the prophets of the New Language were still saying to each other on Friday afternoons, "Let's kick this idea around over the weekend and Monday morning we'll get together and cross-pollinate".

It was, then, a year much like any other in its joys and disappointments, laughter and tears, successes and failures. At the beginning and the end, it teetered towards war — in the Formosa Strait and in the Middle East—and in the middle it bulged with a hope of peace that turned out to be a false pregnancy, but it produced nothing to indicate that the constant competition between Communism and Democracy would end within any predictable period of time or that the best guarantee of peace was not still the hydrogen bomb.

Shadow of the Bomb

THE BOMB was, to most people in 1955, the Big Villain. They wanted it controlled or banned or inspected—anything to make it a little less fearsome. And they talked steadily about disarmament. The year started with debates about weapons, went on to see one substantial proposal for control of armaments (at the "summit" meeting in Geneva) and closed with more talk. An appropriate summary was the muddy statement made by a Canadian delegate to the UN: "The upshot of the debate in the 10th Assembly on disarmament was that every effort should be made to agree on early implementation of the (air reconnaissance) plan of President Eisenhower, together with early agreement on and implementation of such other disarmament measures as are now feasible".

Everybody agrees that disarmament would be a good thing, but there is a strong argument to support the belief that at the present time it would be the worst possible thing for the West. Abolition of The Bomb would give the Communist coalition a tremendous advantage in manpower. Reduction of armaments by a set percentage would make no change in the relative strengths of opposing forces, and peace would be no more secure simply because there were fewer soldiers, sailors and airmen. A limitation on numbers of weapons means nothing in an age when single weapons become more and more destructive. Total disarmament would mean the capitulation of the West to pressure of population, if nothing else. Had there been no Washington Conference on disarmament in 1921, would the dictators have found it more difficult to bully their neighbors, and would Japan have launched a campaign of conquest in China? The urge to disarm after the First World War undoubtedly did a lot to make the Second inevitable.

Disarmament is a wonderful idea—as long as we understand that we may have to give up other things besides arms.

The United Nations: Can 76 nations do a better job than 60?

Jewel of Consistency

AT THE beginning of 1955, Agriculture Minister Gardiner was telling farmers (in a speech at Regina) that they should stop loud talk about surpluses, because it only alarmed farmers elsewhere and led to tariff barriers against Canadian farm products. As the year drew to a close, the unmentionable surpluses had grown even bigger is most cases, but Mr. Gardiner was at least being consistent. He was either avoiding mention of the over-production or stoutly maintaining (as in the case of butter) that no surplus really existed. Unfortunately he was no more convincing at the end than he was in the beginning.

Greatest Achievement

WHEN the Hon. Paul Martin, chairman of Canada's delegation to the 1955 UN Assembly, returned to Ottawa late in December, he told newspapermen that the Assembly's outstanding achievement during the year was the admittance of 16 more nations to the UN. It was not reported whether he made the statement with pride or sadness, but in any case he was probably right. Certainly the UN did not have much else to brag about.

The UN exists primarily to preserve the peace of the world, and only time can tell whether the job can be done better by 76 nations than by 60. What we can be sure of, however, is that the 16-nation package deal has changed the whole complexion of the UN. The Charter, in so far as it defines the qualifications of membership, has now become an instrument of legalistic quibbling, and the UN is officially committed to the doctrine of universality—the theory that any government, no matter how questionable its past or present conduct, is entitled to representation in the UN and a voice and a vote in its deliberations. Canada, the United States and the other countries that have had a great deal to say in the past about the conditions of membership, can scarcely be hyprocritical enough to resume their tone of high morality — Canada in particular, considering the diligent way it pushed the package deal from the start.

The 16 new members bring new blood and new ideas to the UN, which can stand both. They will also cause subtle shifts in power. And their entry sets in motion influences that can only result in further changes. The simple but highly effective Russian manoeuvre of excluding Japan made another trade inevitable—Japan for Red China and possibly Outer Mongolia as well.

Above all, however, the entry of the 16 means that the UN has taken another long step away from the concepts of its founders in 1945. At that time it had the general shape of an alliance. Now it is almost a parliament—a world parliament with voting powers out of balance and with no means to enforce its decisions. The Charter has been strangely warped and twisted during the past ten years, but, by the decision of the 1955 Assembly, nothing will be done for at least three years to get it straightened out. By then what will be needed will be a complete new set of terms of reference.

Thrombosis

BY THE end of 1953, more than 3.4 million vehicles were registered in Canada. By the end of 1954, they were up to 3.6 million, and in the first eleven months of last year 425,386 new cars and trucks rolled off Canadian assembly lines. They went out on to roads that were, in most cases, inadequate despite the spending of more and more money on highways by provincial governments. The wealthier and more populous the province, the more

Buffalo Skyway: New arteries slicing through old streets.

The Front Page continued

obvious it was, in 1955, that the demand for road space was outstripping supply at such a rate that even new construction was at best only a temporary easement.

But if the provincial highway systems were inadequate, traffic facilities in the big cities were obsolete. The bigger the city, the closer to complete stagnation was the flow of traffic through the main arteries to its heart. In Toronto, for example, motorists were taking longer to get downtown than their horse-and-buggy forbears did sixty years ago, and businessmen were ruefully totting up the daily losses caused by delayed deliveries to stores and factories. Municipal governments talked at length about the problem of traffic but did little else, and the city-dweller could only look ahead into 1956 and '57, when the mass of vehicles would move more and more slowly until it came to a dead stop.

The municipal officials, quite rightly, were thinking about the great cost of ways of getting the traffic moving again. But unfortunately they became obsessed by the magnitude of the immediate expense, and were blind to the ultimate price of neglect, which is slow strangulation of the city itself and of the essential movement between cities. In the United States, new central arteries were slicing through the old narrow streets, soaring over the congested areas and even boring under them, pumping new life into the metropolitan hearts. But Canadians hesitated and debated and, apparently, hoped that something would happen to cure the thrombosis and make surgery unnecessary.

These Things Happen

IT'S almost a year now since Otto Strasser, a sort of Nazi Trotsky, left his refuge in Paradise, Nova Scotia, to return to his native Germany. He departed with the prediction that within a year he would be leading the most powerful political organization in West Germany.

Last January, Mendès-France still headed the French Government, but the Deputies were wondering who would be the next premier. In Paris, too, a dressmaker named Dior was thinking about ways of shifting a woman's point of balance. In Washington, Agriculture Secretary Benson said "farm production is gradually adjusting to markets", and in the same city officials of the U.S. Government were preparing to talk with Canada's Messrs. Howe, Harris and Pearson about freer trade.

These few events are recalled simply as a solace to those who are already in difficulties with their New Year's resolutions.

The Mass Man

NEVER before in history had that strange thing called Mass Man come in for such agonized and clinical examination as in 1955, but at the year's end no one had succeeded in drawing even a rough outline of what Mass Man might be. Educators in Canada and the United States spent more argument, time and money than ever before on what they thought should be principles and methods of universal education. Thousands of researchers in North America were employed by governments, industries and plain busybodies to find out what the Mass Man thought, felt, liked, remembered, respected and worshipped. He was written and talked about interminably. To some he was as sound as a Canadian dollar, a receptacle of native shrewdness and common sense who would, in the long run, always make wise (or at least sound) decisions. To others he was something to be feared, the weight that would pull society down to the level of the lowest common denominator.

Those who feared were the most vocal. Indeed, in some intellectual circles anyone who did not plead for more non-conformism was himself a non-conformist. The journalist Dorothy Thompson spoke for a considerable group when she said, in the Marfleet Lectures at the University of Toronto last month: "No matter how much the productive apparatus to which he (the Mass Man) contributes may raise his standard of living in purely material terms, he remains proletarian by every other standard. The level of his tastes and ambitions becomes, furthermore, increasingly the level of all taste and ambition. In an era of universal education, so-called, the schools adapt themselves to what he wants, for himself and for his children. He wants utility, because only the immediately and obviously useful—useful in terms of income and the pleasures it can buy—is within his ken . . . Indeed, he does not derive his pleasure in life from doing, or from being, but from consuming, and his perpetually unassuaged aspiration is to consume . . ."

How many men of this kind make up the Mass Man, of course, not Miss Thompson or anyone else knows, because the Mass Man is constantly surprising those who have formed opinions about him. Hitler, for example, had a very definite opinion, and got the shock of his life. The trouble is, perhaps, that for the first time in history the Mass Man is getting his chance to be a person. His predecessors, all but a very few of them, were too close to slavery to become persons. Now he is no longer a beast of burden and he's having his fling, enjoying those "good things of life" that his more fortunate rich relatives, not degraded by interminable work, long ago learnt to take for granted. By his millions, instead of the former thousands, he can read and write, listen to music and watch plays; and if he makes a vulgar show of his material gains, it is because his race-memory tells him that there is no dignity in involuntary poverty. If he is to be treated as a generality, let this serve as his excuse and explanation.

Perhaps 1956 will be the year when people worry less about the Mass Man and more about the individual. It could be a wonderful year, full of pride and hope.

Pun of the Year

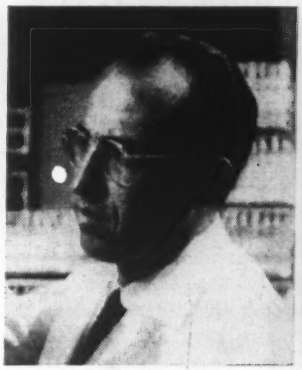
STILL DEFILED and degraded by third-rate comedians and inept masters of ceremonies, the pun continued in 1955 to be, in public esteem, a poor relation of wit. But as long as there are nimble, well-informed minds the fine art of punning will never be lost or wholly debased. Such practitioners as Bennett Cerf, Groucho Marx and Louis Kronenberger juggled words as expertly as ever, but our selection as the year's best is the quip of the foreign correspondent, Edgar Mowrer. He was reporting on conditions in Korea, and wondered how long that country could remain "half Communist and half Rhee".

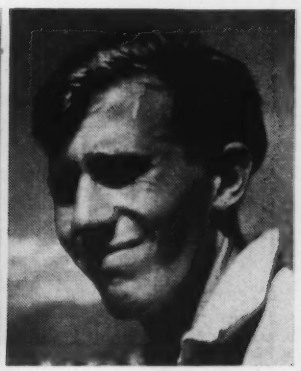
The Path of Duty

"Mindful of the church's teaching . . . and conscious of my duty," said Princess Margaret in the year's most romantic resignation. April, 1955 saw Sir Winston Churchill give up the Prime Ministership, "Having served in office or in Parliament under four sovereigns . . . ". In Cambodia, King Norodom Sihanouk, after having won an overwhelming vote of confidence, stepped down in favor of his father.

Reach for the Stars

Three men injected new hope and courage into mankind in 1955. Dr. Jonas Salk's polio vaccine presaged ultimate control of one of the world's most dreaded diseases; Billy Graham's preaching inspired millions to search their hearts and return to God; and Roger Bannister's smashing of the four-minute-mile was a fine example of spirit and mind in control of body.

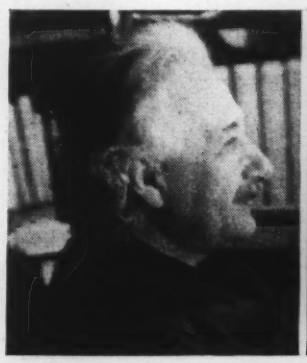


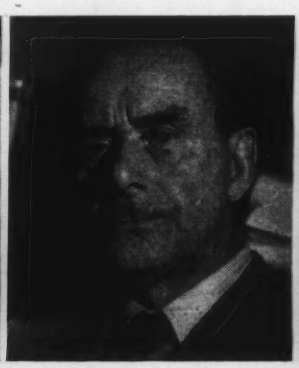


CHARACTERS ON STAGE: 1955

Decline and Fall

Three "popular heroes" reached their nadir: President Juan Peron, flamboyant dictator of Argentina, went into exile in Paraguay, forlorn, abandoned and despised; Davy Crockett, who triggered one of the year's biggest buying sprees, gradually lost his hold on the imagination of the young; and Georgi Malenkov, one-time Soviet leader, went into the special limbo reserved for the Soviet hierarchy.





Beyond the Bourne

Death claimed three distinguished members of the world of science and art: Albert Einstein, mathematician extraordinary, whose contributions to physics impinge on the life of every man; Thomas Mann, whose genius showed no decline and whose life seemed as much a work of art as the fine novel he had just completed; and Maurice Utrillo, famed French painter, whose personal tragedies seemed barely reflected in his serene canvases.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Condensed Annual Statement

30th November, 1955

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from banks (including items in transit)	$ 542,453,934
Government of Canada and provincial government securities, not exceeding market value	944,686,948
Municipal and other securities, not exceeding market value	356,820,517
Call loans, fully secured	74,788,180
Total quick assets	$1,918,749,579
Other loans and discounts	1,168,841,182
Mortgages and hypothecs insured under N.H.A. (1954)	100,865,965
Bank premises	27,119,386
Liabilities of customers under acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	62,423,760
Other assets	6,143,993
	$3,284,143,865

LIABILITIES

Deposits	$3,062,220,349
Acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	62,423,760
Other liabilities	8,581,623
Total liabilities to the public	$3,133,225,732
Capital paid up	42,000,000
Rest account	108,000,000
Undivided profits	918,133
	$3,284,143,865

STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1955, after provision for depreciation and *income taxes and after making transfers to inner reserves out of which full provision has been made for diminution in value of investments and loans		$10,858,480
Dividends at the rate of $1.57½ per share	$ 6,604,422	
Extra distribution at the rate of 20¢ per share	840,000	7,444,422
		$ 3,414,058
Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1954		1,504,075
		$ 4,918,133
Transferred to rest account		4,000,000
Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1955		$ 918,133

*Provision for income taxes $11,215,000

JAMES MUIR,
Chairman and President

K. M. SEDGEWICK,
General Manager

Bottom level: Hoodlum riots in Montreal follow student protest.

The Canadian, 1955 Model

by Hugh MacLennan

THERE IS, of course, no Canadian 1955 model save in the minds of the fifteen million Canadians who occasionally believe they know who he is. Only in the case of a primitive tribe limited to one or two simple economic activities like hunting and fishing is it possible to examine an individual specimen and discover in him the shape of an entire society. Theoretically, the Canadian of 1955 should be some *homme moyen sensuel* somewhere between Dr. Wilder Penfield and the young hoodlum in the black leather windbreaker whom Montrealers have come to know so well. How far down the ladder this *homme* is from Dr. Penfield, and how far up from the hoodlum, is a question impossible to answer and indiscreet to ask.

The creature exists, however. As the human mind is unable to think except in terms of symbols and abstractions, the Canadian becomes more important with every year that passes since we invented him. The Canadian of 1955 is just as real as any of the fifteen million individuals composed of flesh and blood. In his name the Gallup Poll speaks constantly. The nation's entertainers and salesmen address themselves to his tastes and appetites. Account executives owe their ulcers to him. Civil servants and the staff of CBC depend upon him for their livelihood. In order to master him, politicians approach him periodically on all fours. Reformers worry about his morals and his sex-life. Educators, in their eagerness to be popular, steadily reduce the intellectual content of the syllabus they offer his children.

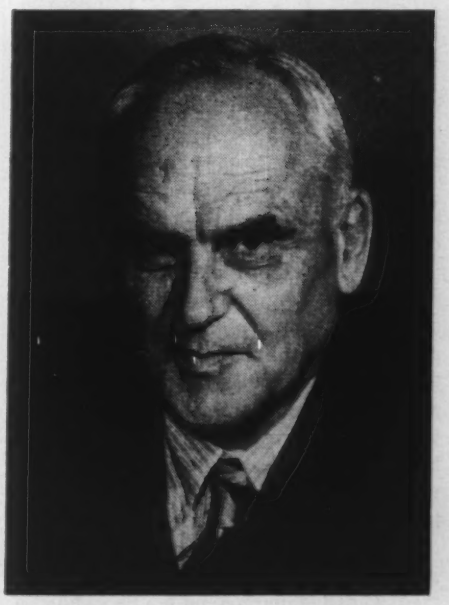
If a foreigner criticizes him, the entire nation is likely to become convulsed with rage, and if the criticism is true and sharp enough, it becomes the duty of the Secretary of State for External Affairs, or even of the Prime Minister, to issue an official protest in his name. If a native criticizes him—but what native does? Every Canadian citizen in the year 1955 knew that the Canadian of 1955 was above reproach. He may be surrounded by a lot of stupid, lazy, vulgar, selfish, dull advisers, but if he does what they tell him we all understand it is their fault and not his. For the Canadian, 1955 model, is Canadian Democracy in its richest and most self-confident year.

This mythical Canadian of 1955, whoever he may be, is certainly an impressive character. Yet it is almost impossible to discover half a dozen individual Canadians who agree on what he is like, or on what he can do to make himself more impressive still. All fifteen million of us are so proud of the guy that we want him to do everything at once. But at the same time we are so fond of him that it would break our hearts if he were put to any unnecessary trouble. We are his servants, we are his courtiers.

To me—just one of the fifteen million—this Canadian of 1955 has become a source of considerable personal anxiety, and for purely personal reasons. For one thing he has no sales resistance, a quality I had always believed was typically Canadian.

I have never had any desire to keep up with the Joneses, but now I find the cost of everything so high I am unable to keep up with myself. I am told by the experts that his chief desire is security, yet he apparently does not think so, for he insists on living up to the last penny of his income, thereby producing an inflation that makes security impossible for everyone else in the country. He is said to prefer Canadians to Americans, and this is charged (at least in Canada) to his credit. Yet he prefers to have the most popular Canadian magazines appear in American formats. And in the last quarter of 1955, the sport that sent him

Top level: Dr. Penfield.



Money level: Mr. Howe.

frantic with excitement was played by hired American athletes of behemoth dimensions. Does the Canadian, 1955 model, even think it necessary to understand himself? About the only point on which all outside observers agree is that he is the richest and most successful Canadian there ever was.

How did he manage to get this way so suddenly? According to the Hon. C. D. Howe, it was because of oil, iron ore and the Liberal Government. But the oil and iron were in Alberta and Ungava just as long as oil and iron were in Texas and the Mesabi, nor is a Liberal government the newest thing under the Canadian sun. If these minerals and this government were all he needed for success, why did he take so long to get them working?

The answer to this question may tell quite a lot about the Canadian of 1955. As I see him, his present condition is the direct product of the mental climacteric experienced by his predecessor, the Canadian of 1945. In that final year of the war, the Canadian was an eager, misunderstood youth suffering grievously from feelings of rejection, as well as from acute schizophrenic syndromes brought on by parents and educators who had tried for years to persuade him that he was not a Canadian at all, but a North American Englishman or a North American Frenchman. This schizophrenic pattern had partially paralyzed him from birth, for whenever he tried to act like a coherent personality, one or the other of his parents told him he was a traitor and an ingrate.

Toward the end of the war the schizophrenic pattern had become so acute there were moments when he contemplated suicide. But instead of killing himself or murdering Mackenzie King, he went to the psychiatrists. Having done so, he discovered that the treatment was less painful than he had anticipated. All he had to do in order to become a released personality was to make a few humiliating admissions about his own past life.

The most important of these admissions was that the relative failure of Canada up to that time was the fault of nobody but himself. While the United States had been developing her resources, material and spiritual, Canada had just been drifting along.

The Canadian of 1945 went further and admitted publicly that his trouble was not that he lived in a poor country, but in a poor state of mind. So long as he clung to his schizophrenia, he was unable to persuade the more ambitious and energetic younger Canadians to live in the same house with him and do his work. For years most of them had been emigrating to the United States, with the result that the majority of his enterprises had fallen into the hands of mediocre men, or of men who had to pretend to be mediocre if they hoped to hang on to their jobs. In 1945 it was not unity that Canada needed half so much as she needed a change in the mentality of her proprietor. Almost as soon as the Canadian of 1945 acquired a measure of self-understanding, he acquired an even greater measure of self-confidence and energy. The obvious result of this psychoanalytic treatment has been the immense progress of the last ten years.

The less obvious result is the change in the nature of the challenge faced by the Canadian of 1955. This challenge, it seems to me, stems from his very success in achieving the same level of prosperity and opportunity which the Americans regard as the foundations of their own peculiar way of life, and of achieving it by identical methods.

Can he rise above this success? The answer to that question is what a small minority among the fifteen million would like to know. Success may often be the greatest foe any personality can encounter. It is apt to slow him up, to freeze him at

Hugh MacLennan

an intermediate stage of his potential development. Wealth blinds men to realities as poverty never can. If a man is rich, what is the incentive for him to think? If a man has become rich through the methods of the Canadian of 1955, why should he question the materialistic fallacy which asserts that the chief end and happiness of man are to be found in the production, distribution and consumption of material goods? Why should he bother to grow psychically, when so many ardent, persuasive and highly-paid individuals keep assuring him that his greatness depends on the increasing amount he can produce, the increasing amount he can distribute, the increasing amount he can consume? Why be better than Babbitt, when Babbitt never had it so good?

The Canadian of 1955 has climbed and been pushed to the highest material plateau any Canadian of any year has ever reached. But above him tower the really interesting ranges, and only if he reaches them will it matter to mankind whether or not he existed.

Who cares today how much corn the Athenians ate in the sixth decade of the fourth century B.C., or how many tons of silver they mined out of Laurium, or how much money they made out of their mercantile marine? But for more than two thousand years men have cared greatly that it was in the sixth decade of that century that the building of the Parthenon was begun and that Sophocles wrote *Antigone*. Without the corn crop, without the silver, without her immense trade throughout the Mediterranean, Athens would not have been able to build the Parthenon or maintain at public expense the theatres for those plays that made her immortal. The reason she is immortal, the reason she is priceless to mankind, is that the Athenian, model 455 B.C., did not consider the production, distribution and consumption of material goods an end in itself, but a necessary means to the far greater end of making his city one in which mature and civilized personalities could live joyful, exciting lives and feel at home.

What the Canadian, model 1955, cares about the opinion of mankind is problematical. But the success of the Stratford adventure has proved that the world can become excited and enchanted by him when he considers it as important to build for his own joy and self-expression as to discover a new oil field which will enable him to buy a new car with the proceeds. His prestige would soar above that of the United States if some of his servants were to produce even a dozen great works of literature and art in the decade now beginning. If it should occur to him to establish, or to encourage the establishment, of a native motion picture industry, free of Hollywood control, which would make true, good pictures out of the Canadian scene, he would seem much more interesting and valuable to mankind than by adding another four miles to the Toronto subway. He would also be happier, and for a simple reason. Nobody can fail to be happy if he is interested in himself, and the surest way for a man to become interested in himself is to do things to make himself interesting to others.

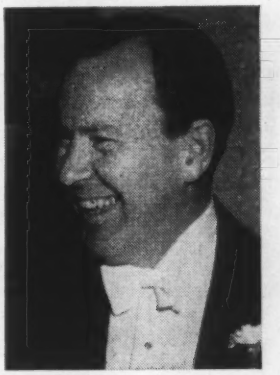
But the Canadian, 1955 model, seems to me a strange, unpredictable being, and his tolerance is so great that I marvel at it. Why, I ask myself, does he let himself be consistently described by people who profess to admire him as some huge, mindless mesomorph dripping with oil, clanking with iron ore, living beyond his means, chartering trans-continental planes to see a football game, a creature with only two aims in his life — to become bigger and bigger and richer and richer?

Persona Grata

Blessed Is the Peacemaker

"He's out of touch with the rank and file of the party . . . . he's inexperienced in domestic problems . . . . he has waited too long . . . .". The comments which were being made at Westminster a few years ago about "Anthony" are being repeated in Ottawa today when "Mike" is mentioned. In origin and tastes Sir Anthony Eden and the Hon. Lester Pearson are quite different, but the force of similar experience has impressed curious resemblances in character and outlook—and hence in political reactions. Now that the former has become the leader of his party and government, pertinent comparisons will be drawn.

Born within a few weeks of each other, both men went off to war at the most impressionable age and narrowly survived the holocaust, to become representatives of the "lost generation". Engaged in the conduct of international relations for most of their lives, they have alike identified themselves with the cause of peaceful co-operation. In the process they have learned the needs, the arts and, perhaps, the limits of compromise. They are disinclined to partisanship. And they both acquired popular personalities which have become a little misleading. Just as the picture of Eden as the aloof and elegant diplomat can be jolted on encounter by the nervous intimacy of manner and the down-at-heel appearance (at least before his remarriage), so the image of Pearson as the perennial college-boy dissolves into the indeterminate features of the middle-aged minister. And as there are hints of another Eden under the surface, so it is suggested that Pearson is "not what he seems", hidden, too, behind a wall of natural shyness and professional reserve. But there is little to indicate it. His career has never left the rails of public advancement; he has few, if any, intimates and no eccentricities. Conversation flows smoothly through channels of common but impersonal interest. And the years leave only anecdotes of the pullover-at-Buckingham Palace pattern (and the hoary, improbable tale of the amazed Washington reporters who had asked for the new Ambassador and were shown the man who had been helping to rig-up the conference room).



'Mike' Pearson

In his classic on diplomacy, Sir Harold Nicolson describes the seven diplomatic virtues as truthfulness, precision, calm, good temper, patience, modesty and loyalty. These are virtues which Pearson has shown to an eminent degree (though one can make a few reservations since he became a politician). But they are hardly qualities which reveal the man. In a sense, he is the best-known Canadian in the world. He is probably the most widely-known Canadian who has ever existed, as an acquaintance and as a figure in the news. But the delineation of Pearson, like the definition of a Canadian, is elusive.

His career really began when he entered the Government Service in 1928 at the age of 31. Mackenzie King had asked O. D. Skelton of Queen's University to recruit an embryo diplomatic service. Till then day-to-day affairs of Canada abroad had been largely managed by upper-class Englishmen. In the absence of upper-class Canadians, the problem was to build up a service which would retain predominantly Anglo-Saxon traditions while discouraging the impression that Canadians were either expatriate Englishmen or simple backwoodsmen. Skelton set out to model his undertaking in some respects on Milner's famous kindergarten in South Africa a generation earlier. The campus and the manse suggested the right background. One of the earliest recruits was the late Hume Wrong, son of Professor George Wrong whose appointment to the University of Toronto had originally stirred up a political controversy. Wrong had a friend called, or rather named, Lester Bowles Pearson, who was then preparing a book on the United Empire Loyalists in Ottawa. After meeting Skelton and passing the required examination, Pearson entered External Affairs as First Secretary. The book remains unfinished.

PEARSON was then an agreeably "lost" young man of his generation. The Horatio Alger versions of his early life have little basis in fact, although he had been nourished on Alger at one time. Like Lord Curzon, the British Foreign Secretary in the early Twenties, he grew up in provincial parsonages, with influential connections. At seventeen he joined an army medical unit formed by the University of Toronto and went off with a group of college friends to Salonika. Mike, as he became known on account of his Irish ways, soon yearned for a more aggressive role. He succeeded in wrangling a transfer through General Sam Hughes, a friend of

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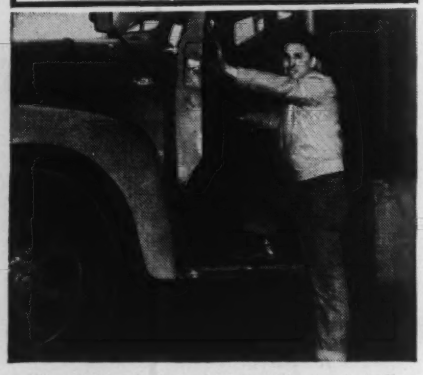

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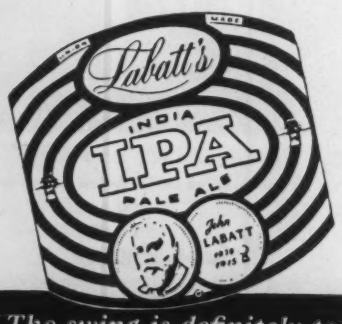

The swing is definitely to
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his broadminded father. Back in England he joined the Royal Flying Corps as a pilot and crashed on his first solo flight. He was invalided home to serve out the rest of the war as an instructor. On graduating from Toronto with second-class honors in history, he tried a law firm for a few months and then went off to the Chicago meatpacking concern of Armor and Co., of which an uncle was President. He worked his way up in a matter of months from the stockyards to the fertilizer office before deciding that there were more congenial occupations. And having managed to get one of the Massey Foundation scholarships, he put in a couple of years at Oxford. He studied modern history and, more noticeably, played hockey and lacrosse for the university. Then he returned to Toronto as a lecturer and sports coach. He is remembered as a good teacher.

The legends that he might have been a highly successful businessman, a great scholar or even a famous baseball player —he played semi-professional for a short time—have not much substance. And though he was active in college debates he showed little interest in politics. But he seems to have been an unusually good all-rounder who was still uncommitted when the chance of a lifetime came to get in on the ground floor of a new profession—and one for which he was best fitted in most ways, though, curiously, he has never learned to speak other languages, including French.

He first made his mark, however, in jobs which had little to do with customary diplomacy. As Secretary of the Royal Commisions on Wheat Failures and on Price Spreads, he earned the public commendation of the Prime Minister and received the O.B.E. as well as the more tangible reward of $1,000 in 1934. The same year, he briefly took charge of the Canadian delegation to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva in the illness of its chief. In 1935 he was posted to the High Commission in London. He stayed there for six years. Others of the "kindergarten" seemed to be outstripping him. The Liberal Prime Minister was allegedly suspicious of someone who had been associated with Bennett. And it is possible that his criticisms of the Chamberlain foreign policy were too outspoken for the taste of Mr. King, who did not share his misgivings about Munich.

In 1941 he was recalled for a brief stint in Ottawa and then sent off to Washington on the staff of Leighton McCarthy. It is said that McCarthy, a friend of King, finally reassured the Prime Minister of Pearson's reliability. At any rate he succeeded McCarthy as Canada's second Ambassador to the United States in 1945. Meanwhile he was taking an active part in the international conferences for a brave new world—Hot Springs, Dumbarton Oaks, San Francisco. He spoke with the authority of a country which was rapidly growing in importance during the war. But his own special gifts for international co-operation, his experiences of Britain and the United States alike, and his ability to interpret their problems, made him invaluable in his own right. He was "Mike Pearson" rather than the Canadian delegate to the new political leaders and the old diplomatic hands, the generals and dollar-a-year men and the college professors-turned-civil servants who came to these meetings as advisers and experts. As Chairman of the Committee on Supplies he helped to organize UNRRA. And he was the favorite of the West for first Secretary-General of the United Nations—only to be vetoed by the Russians. Ironically, the Russians offered to back Pearson for the job some years later when they were disillusioned with Trygve Lie.

In 1946 Pearson returned to Ottawa as under-secretary for external affairs. And two years later he made his entry in political life at Mr. King's invitation, taking over the department from Mr. St. Laurent. Whatever his motives within the Canadian context, the step clearly opened the way for an even more influential role in international co-operation. Sponsor of the Palestine Partition Plan in 1948, signatory of the North Atlantic Treaty in 1949, member of the Korean Cease-Fire Commission in 1950, President of the UN General Assembly and Chairman of the NATO Council in 1952, the story of Pearson's career in the last eight years is part of the history of our times.

On his recent visit to Moscow, he delivered a sermon in the Baptist Church on the text: "Blessed is the Peacemaker . . ." (But he had once been rebuked by the Bishop of Toronto for suggesting that after two thousand years of failure it was unlikely that Christianity would succeed in uniting the world.) And it is perhaps his Methodist conscience which impels him to undertake the often thankless role of mediator. It has often been said he would like to quit Canadian politics for an international job. But though the enlargement of the United Nations last month owes much to his initiative, it is doubtful whether he would "run" a third time for Secretary-General. Closer to his heart is NATO, with his plans for its fuller development and its strategic extension to North America. Will he one day be able to retort to Canning's proud claim that he has now called in the Old World to redress the balance of the New? Yet such a project can only be effectively furthered from the premiership or his present position. It is improbable that he would continue in the latter under any other leader who is a likely alternative—and it would not, perhaps, be desirable. The choice is narrowing for him and for Canada.

Ottawa Letter

Some Contrasts in the 1955 Picture

by John A. Stevenson

THERE IS an old saying that "happy is the nation that has no history", and for Canada in 1955 there were few episodes or developments which will bulk large in the pages of history. So it remained one of the fortunate corners of the world.

The recovery in the second half of 1954 from the mild recession experienced in the first half of that year gathered momentum in a progressive upsurge of economic activities, which established new records for the value of our gross national production and our labor income and reduced unemployment to manageable dimensions. But the prosperity was unfairly distributed because our farmers received an inadequate share of it.

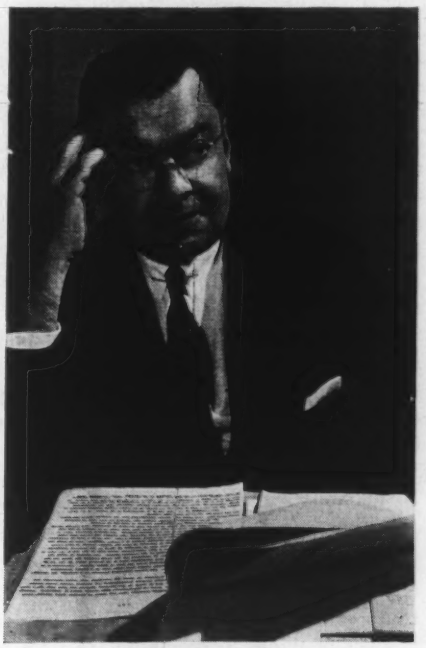
Inability to market their grain as a result of a serious shrinkage of overseas sales and a consequent blockade in the glutted space available for its storage deprived the graingrowers of the prairie country of the normal financial rewards for their labors.

There has also been a serious decline in the prices of hogs and some other farm products. A better than average harvest did not help to raise the cash income of our farmers above what was regarded as the low figure of roughly $2.4 billion recorded for 1954. This meant that the farming community, which constitutes roughly 20 per cent of the total population, could only claim about 9½ per cent of the national income. So at the close of 1955 the spokesmen of the farmers were proclaiming agriculture a depressed industry and their discontent was finding expression in political agitation for remedial measures.

Another dark spot on the bright picture of national success was the crisis looming in education. The standards of pay in the teaching profession remain so low by comparison with those available in other walks of life that it is failing to attract the number of qualified recruits needed to maintain its efficiency and in many provinces there has been recourse to the services of unqualified teachers to a dangerous degree. Consequently there has been an ominous decline in both the quantity and quality of the education offered to our youth. Evidence of it has been shown in the recurring lamentations of presidents of universities about the mediocre intellectual equipment of many of their annual intake of students.

Provincial and municipal authorities assert that they cannot improve our standards of education without direct financial assistance from the Federal Treasury, but the St. Laurent Ministry has so far resisted this pressure on constitutional grounds. It apparently fails to realize that a nation cannot live by bread alone and that all our vaunted material prosperity will not raise our prestige in the world at large if many of our people are denied an adequate education.

Undoubtedly the St. Laurent Cabinet, when it faced Parliament last session, had been materially weakened by the retirement of three of its ablest and most experienced members, Messrs. Abbott, Claxton and Chevrier, and their substitutes did not fill their shoes adequately, but this was not the only reason why the St. Laurent Ministry had its worst session since it was formed in 1948. It had to admit two serious parliamentary reverses when the Hon. C. D. Howe had to consent to a drastic modification of the arbitrary powers which he sought under the new Defence Production Act and the Hon. J. J. McCann, Minister of National Revenue had to resign the directorship of the Guaranty Trust, to which he had been clinging in defiance of the accepted proprieties. And it was driven repeatedly into other awkward corners.



Hon. Paul Martin: UN finesse.

In the international arena Canada's intelligent contributions to efforts for the mitigation of international tensions and the attainment of settled peace and security for the world have continued. In the general non-partisan support that has been secured from Parliament, the only breach has been the persistent demand of the CCF for Canadian recognition of the present Communist Government of China. But the high hopes raised by the new atmosphere, created largely through the courageous lead given by President Eisenhower, at the first four-power conference at Geneva, are now gone where the woodbine twineth. The resumption of the cold war means that there can be no immediate abatement of our huge expenditures upon armaments and our outlays for providing antidotes to Communism in the economically backward countries.

But towards the close of the year, Canada's international prestige was materially enhanced by the important and decisive part that the Hon. Paul Martin, Canada's chief delegate at the UN Assembly, played in the complicated and controversial negotiations for broadening the base of the UN by the admission of 16 new member nations. There is general agreement that, for the accomplishment of this desirable enlargement, the chief credit must be assigned to the diplomatic finesse, shrewd patience and tireless labors of Mr. Martin.

Our most important foreign relations were with our neighbor, the United States, and while general harmony prevailed in them, there were intermittent bouts of friction, chiefly about economic and power policies. The policy pursued by the Government of the United States for reducing its immense surplus stocks of foodstuffs by bargain counter sales on special terms to importing countries, has undoubtedly deprived Canada of markets for wheat in countries like Israel and Norway and has intensified the difficulties of our wheat-marketing problem. Our representations about its unfairness have apparently made no impression at Washington, as these sales continue. Now our case for redress has been weakened, because our own Government has made similar sales of butter to countries beyond the Iron Curtain and thereby evoked complaints from New Zealand.

Legislation for removing acute grievances, felt particularly by Canadian exporters, about the administration of the customs tariff of the United States, has been blocked in Congress and anxiety has been caused at intervals by a disposition of the United States Government to find excuses for disregarding provisions of the GATT, to which it had subscribed. The Eisenhower administration, to its credit, has frustrated most of these moves.

There have been awkward clashes of viewpoint between Canada and the United States about ambitious projects for the development of hydro-electric power on the Fraser and Columbia rivers. But there has been harmonious co-operation in the construction of the St. Lawrence Seaway and the ancillary power developments. And the co-operation of the authorities in charge of the armed forces of each country in perfecting the defences of North America against aggression has been working smoothly.

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Films

Season 1955: The Wider Vision

by Mary Lowrey Ross

DURING the 1955 season the more energetic brains in the industry were kept busy with technical developments and extensions—CinemaScope, Vista Vision, Cinerama, and a curved screen novelty known as Todd-AO. As a result there was some neglect of the humanities. The screen has yawned its widest to engulf such prodigies as *The Silver Chalice, The Prodigal, Land of the Pharaohs, Ulysses,* and so on, and in many cases the audience has yawned right along with it.

Luckily the stage is always prepared to supply hand-me-downs for its sister-medium. Last year its contributions included *Mr. Roberts, I Am a Camera, Summertime, The Seven Year Itch, Guys and Dolls,* and *The Shrike.* The films that resulted suffered from the usual reductions and exaggerations that always accompany transfer from stage to screen, but it is hard to imagine what the 1955 film season would have done without them. For it is still as true as it ever was that even a moderately successful Broadway play is likely to be better entertainment than a grand-scale original Hollywood production. The stage by its very nature can't induce that peculiar torpor of the imagination that follows inevitably on the satiation of the eye. It simply hasn't the resources.

In fairness it must be added that not all the best screen entertainment in 1955 was borrowed from the stage. There was, for instance, *Marty,* a fine picture, which reached the screen by the rather unlikely route of television. *Marty* had a limited number of things to say about the solitude of the human spirit and it never stepped outside the modest area it had marked out for itself. But it said what it had to say with grace and perception, it was often both troubling and funny, and when it was over one felt—almost—that it would be very nearly worthwhile to sit and watch it all over again.

Then there was *Blackboard Jungle,* a picture deplored by sheltered people and especially by the parents of sheltered children. It would be pleasant, certainly, to believe that such institutions as the school depicted in *Blackboard Jungle* didn't exist. The savage vitality of the film disposes of this comfortable notion almost at once, however. Brutal and raucous as it is, the picture is filled with the disconcerting insights that Hollywood is constantly urged to explore and invariably condemned for expressing.

Violence, for Hollywood, is a sort of conduit through which its energies, always under pressure to conform, can find spontaneous release. Indeed, it seems to be this century's, if not this continent's, most natural way of expressing itself and no doubt that is why even routine thrillers such as *Six Bridges to Cross, Violent Saturday, House of Bamboo* (which transfers the locale of gangsterism without shifting the idiom) are so much easier to watch than top heavy extravaganzas or the type of domestic drama which so easily bogs down into soap opera. The best thriller of 1955, as well as one of the best films, was *Bad Day at Black Rock.* It was a fine, gritty, frightening tale, with a remarkable performance by Spencer Tracy, who has never had a better opportunity for his special gift of putting a fine edge on a blunt characterization.

East of Eden must, I suppose, be included among the best films of 1955. John Steinbeck labors his Biblical symbolism here and extends the Cain and Abel story with modern psychological findings that would probably surprise the author of the Book of Genesis. But the film as a whole is arresting, and the performance of its two young stars, Julie Harris and James Dean, is interesting, if occasionally a little convulsive.

THE OSCAR awards at this stage are anybody's guess. My own list of nominations would include: Spencer Tracy in *Bad Day at Black Rock;* James Cagney as "The Gimp" in *Love Me or Leave Me;* Julie Harris in *I Am a Camera;* Frank Sinatra as the supporting player in *Not As a Stranger;* Arthur Kennedy for his fine rhetorical performance as the crypto-communist in *Trial;* Ernest Borgnine's *Marty;* José Ferrer as the tormented husband in *The Shrike.*

Among foreign films any credit list must include the Japanese *Gate of Hell,* a 13th Century legend whose interest lies as much in its extraordinary color and design as in its drama; *The Wages of Fear,* a heart-stopping French thriller; The Soviet's *Romeo and Juliet,* with a magical performance by ballerina Ulanova; the same Shakespearean drama, produced by J. Arthur Rank and filmed, with Renaissance splendor, in Verona; *The Sheep Has Five Legs,* with the versatile Fernandel handling six separate roles, and, possibly best of all, *The Great Adventure,* a Swedish film made by Arne Sucksdorff, who is undoubtedly one of the most resourceful camera artists in the world.

Books

A Backward Glance

by Robertson Davies

LOOKING BACKWARD at the books that came to this department during 1955 one is struck by the small number of them which commend themselves to a discriminating reader as distinguished pieces of writing. Many of them which were interesting, amusing or informative fell short of real excellence because they lacked this virtue. The writers had not taken enough pains, or perhaps lacked talent; whatever the reason they had not written well.

Do I hear somebody ask how books can be interesting, amusing or informative if they are not well written? The answer is simple: they had these virtues but they lacked a good style. But if they are interesting, or amusing, or informative, what do they need with style? Is not the ability to hold the reader's interest style enough? No; I do not think that it is. Good style is literary good manners. It is unmannerly to make a reader wade through unnecessary matter, or excuse solecisms because the writer will not take the pains to prune and correct what he has written. No book is so intrinsically interesting, or amusing, or informative in its matter that the writer can neglect its manner. Whatever the book has to say, style is important.

There are readers and writers who shrink from style, because they have mistaken ideas about it. When they think of style they think of Walter Pater, or of some other writer whose manner has taken precedence over his matter. They shrink from what they consider literary foppery. But they have not thought carefully enough about the question; they think of a stylist as being like the builder who said that he put up buildings and stuck on the architecture afterward; they think of style as ornament. But true literary style is putting what needs to be said in the best and briefest way. Ornament is not excluded, but it is controlled; ornament must add measurably to what is said—it must illuminate, if it is to be included. And if it illuminates it is not extraneous, for it adds to the reader's understanding of the author's meaning.

The world today is full of amateur writers—of people who want to write a book or two because they have something of interest to say. But the day of blessed simplicity has gone, when such a writer, grasping his quill, might begin, "I was born on January 1, 1880, the son of John Smith and Mary, his wife, of Broadacres, in Kent". He now feels that he must be quaint, or coy, or cute; he must, in his estimation, be literary. So he puts on a form of mental fancy dress, and working under this delusion he often mars what could be a good book.

I do not wish to pillory Guthrie McClintic, who is a man of great abilities, but let him stand for many others who had books published in 1955. His book *Me and Kit,* about his life in the theatre with his wife, Katharine Cornell, suffers from these amateur vices of coyness and needless—I shall not say false—modesty. The very title gives us the tone of the book. It snuggles its way into our consideration with a boyish, folksy grin.

But suppose we prefer men to boys? What if we admire Mr. McClintic and his gifted wife, and do not like to have them crawl into our presence? Then we have to read the book with reservation, editing it as we go along, in order that we may retain our admiration. And we close *Me and Kit,* grateful for the story it has told, but somewhat resentful of the affectation of folksiness which mars it. We feel that Mr. McClintic has written in an assumed character, as a Simple Rube, in order to make himself comprehensible to other simple rubes—ourselves. We have been patronized. This is sad amateurism, and it is time we saw the last of it.

It is no worse amateurism, however, than the senatorial style in which so many statesmen write their books, and the third volume of *My Political Life* by the late L. S. Amery provides us with a good example. Nobody denies the importance or interest of Mr. Amery's career, but surely some literary friend would have pruned the bad oratorical nonsense out of his book for him? Consider such a sentence as this, chosen at random: "In and between my various political and business activities at home I managed to get in occasional holidays, mainly for exercise, but sometimes with a touch of the proverbial busman's outing included". Thirty-two words; he could have said it better in twelve. If he had taken pains, at that rate, his three long volumes could have been cut to two. It is its paunchy, windy style that makes this book, and so many books by politicians, a penitence to read.

Jacket Design

Le style est l'homme même, said Buffon. No, no; surely not! We cannot, will not believe that Guthrie McClintic is so bad a man of the theatre as his Simple Simon disguise suggests. Nor that Leopold Amery was the gaseous bore that his style implies. We know too much about them to believe such things. But both men have fallen victim to bad styles of writing which they believe suitable to the story they have to tell.

They can be forgiven. They are amateurs. But what of the professionals, who should know what they are doing, and plainly do not? What are we to say about Herman Wouk, whose *Marjorie Morningstar* is twice too long, or Thomas B. Costain, whose *The Tontine* toils asthmatically onward for two thick volumes? We must say that these writers are self-indulgent. They have not been able to deny themselves the luxury of including in their books everything that occurred to them when they were writing. Because it was of interest to them, they have naively assumed that it will be of interest to us—pitiable delusion!

They have written best-sellers, I know. But have you ever studied the best-seller lists carefully for a year? All sorts of books appear on them, good and bad, and they prove nothing except that there is a big public for any book which satisfies a big need. *Morningstar* is for those who cannot resist a book about a nice girl; *The Tontine* is for those who like to plunge into a book and do the dead-man's-float, lulled by the gentle heavings of a sea of warm, non-nutritious, fictional gruel.

But on the list with these you will find *Felix Krull,* by Thomas Mann, a book of first-rate merit both as story, thought and style; this book satisfies the very large, and artistically important, public which wants a book which satisfies the highest professional standards and is, if possible, touched with genius.

Which public should the writer seek to serve? It is not a question of art or commercialism. Art is salable. The late Dr. Mann lived in considerable comfort, though Hollywood and the slick magazines never contributed to his income. Great artists starve far less often than sentimental people suppose. Even artists of

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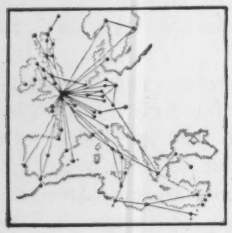

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Amounts quoted above are for men. A similar plan is available for women.

modest dimensions often manage to live quite well.

The great advances in modern printing, the economy of the book trade, and certain democratic prepossessions of our day encourage more and more people—many of them amateurs—to write books. Most of them write without style, or with a bad, crudely assumed, style. How are they to do better?

They must learn to write, and they could make a worse beginning than by studying a book which has held me in its grip for the past fortnight; it is called *Style* and it is by the Cambridge scholar F. L. Lucas. He tells his reader what he thinks style is, and he tells him how to make style a part of his writing. Like everything Mr. Lucas writes, his book is full of personal feeling of a controversial sort; we need not share his desire to beat the bones of the dead Shaw, nor need we think that John Donne was insincere because he expressed himself with a flourish. But this is a book for the serious writer, and the serious reader, to give his full mind to; it is a book to argue with, to mark in the margin, to ponder over. I have read many books about style, and this is quite the best and most provocative to come my way. I wish I thought that everybody whose books I shall read during 1956 had read it, too. But that is asking too much, and for my own pleasure, and I hope for that of some of my readers, I shall continue a consideration of this important book, and its implications, in the next issue.

January 8

Translated by Constance Kerr Sissons

(Back in 19th century Canada, human beings were not unlike their progeny of today, as is attested by this stanza from the pen of E. B. Saint-Aubin, French-Canadian poet.)

Eight days have now been sliced from the New Year,
And where are they, those wishes warm and bright,
Those omens of a favored epoch near,
Those ardent vows which gave us such delight?
One week has passed and men are still, I find,
The very same as in the year now dead.
Poor humans, what great babes we are, inclined
To doze—but let us wake, our dreams have fled.

. . .

Alas! Our hot resolves of New Year's Day
From cooling hearts will swiftly wing away.

Current Account

Education for the East: Pilot Project

by David Smith

IF YOU THINK of southeast Asia as a "hot spot" with communists and anti-subversive squads roaming the country looking for one another, you are only a small part right. Many people there are working for a peaceful world by peaceful means. For example, if you went to Chachoengsao, 70 miles straight east of Bangkok, the most explosive thing you'd see would be the tops of the coconut palms and the most frightening the buses and taxis driving like mad among people and sailors. Chachoengsao is the centre of one of UNESCO's oldest and most successful ventures, Thailand's Educational Pilot Project.

Thailand (formerly Siam) was one country in Asia which managed to fend off the west during the years of exploitaton and conquest. However, its famous king, Chulalongkorn, who died in 1910 after a half-century of rule, was aware that eventually western influence would penetrate the peninsula and he started sending bright young men to England for study. Since that time education has been the technique Thailand has used to adapt itself to the modern world. For many years Thailand has had a system of compulsory elementary education. Now through the Chachoengsao Pilot Project, Thailand is stimulating a more rapid growth of educational improvements. The UN through its Technical Assistance Program and the United States with its foreign aid program are helping. The two men most responsible for setting up the Project were Abhai Chandavimol, director-general of Elementary and Adult Education for the Ministry of Education, and Thomas Wilson, a New Zealand educator, working with UNESCO. The project has now been in operation for five years.

The Pilot Project idea is to set up in one province a model educational program that will be the inspiration and training ground for all of Thailand. As a result all phases of educational activity are included, from nursery school to teacher-training and adult education.

How does it work? Through all the usual means — committees, discussions, proposals and counter-proposals, in-service trainng sessions, conferences, preparation of written materials. In a particular instance, for example, the adult education expert and his Thai colleagues met at the wharf beside the klong that goes from Chachoengsao to Bangkok. (The whole delta is criss-crossed by canals or klongs, which are still a major method of communication.) They were going to one of the district towns to inspect the proposed site for a new library.

At the district town they were met by the education officer who took them to the proposed site for the library. It was part of a "market" being built near a bridge over the klong. The "market" was a series of stalls in a long wooden shed. One of the stalls was being saved for the new library. It was made of rough wood, about twenty feet square, with a cement floor, a shed roof, and doors that opened for almost the full width of the stall. The education officer suggested that perhaps the school would be a better place but

Home Economics class in Bangpakong.

the expert and his Thai colleague pointed out that only a few people went near the school, whereas everyone must go past the "market" to cross the bridge. So the new library was put in the new "market".

There are three such new libraries, making a total of six, one in each of the district towns. In addition, book boxes are being sent to 10 villages and as books become available more villages will get on the circuit. Two years ago there were three library outlets in the province, but now Chachoengsao has Thailand's first regional library set-up. "Technical assistance" in this case meant knowledge of how library services may be supplied to rural areas and the principle of the regional library, which makes books available to rural people in Canada, is the same principle that will make books available to the rural people in Thailand.

In the elementary schools the original emphasis was to turn learning from a process of memorizing words into an activity with things and ideas. More recently the emphasis has shifted to showing teachers how to make instructional materials. In the secondary schools the curriculum has been broadened to include agriculture, shop work, commercial subjects, and home economics. One of the largest and most important advances has been in the Boys' Technical School, which from a fairly low level carpentry school has became a good technical school. Training is now given in carpentry, metal work, electricity, and motor mechanics and the standards have greatly improved. The advance made by this school reflects the importance in Thailand's changing economy of producing well-trained technicians.

One of the most important improvements for the ordinary people of Thailand is the Primary Extension schools. These schools, which are being built all over the country, will extend education

A workshop in the Boys' Technical School at Chachoengsao.

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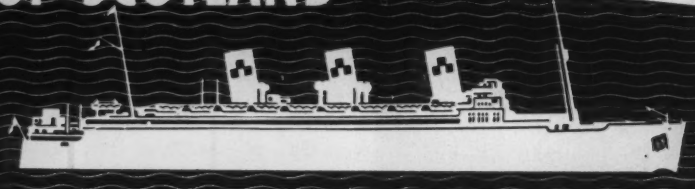
EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND



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for three years beyond the present four-year elementary school. In doing this they will give the children some practical education to fit them for life in their own community. Equipped with a shop and kitchen, and with poultry runs, pig pens, and garden plots or rice fields they are at once a training ground for the children and an example to their parents.

Health education is of critical importance to Thailand. Where 90 per cent of the population in some areas suffer from intestinal parasites and the average blood count is low, health education is essential. But progress in this area is slow. In Thailand, as in Canada, health habits are imbedded in community practice and do not respond merely to information. In the Project schools the preliminary health examinations, immunizations, and correction of minor defects have been completed and the long grind to improve health habits has begun. Proper latrines have been built. More adequate water supplies are collected through the provision of sufficient tanks. (Water for drinking must be collected during the rainy season and stored in large cement or earthenware jars or large metal tanks.)

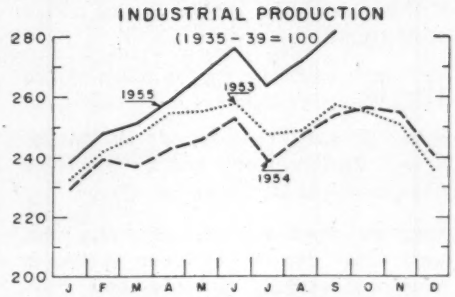
A major difficulty in the conduct of the work is the language barrier. English is taught in Thai secondary schools with about the same efficiency that French is taught in Canadian schools with the result that the experts, who are all English-speaking, must work through counterparts who are also interpreters. The fact that the experts come from many different countries with different backgrounds and experience sometimes causes delay, but the same fact also means there is a rich variety of experience for the Thai personnel to draw from in building their model project. (During the past year Chachoengsao has had 12 experts from 9 countries: the U.S., Canada, Australia, Japan, Ceylon, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and England.)

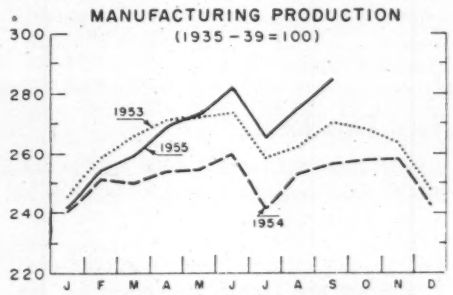
One of the biggest assets is the fact that people are much the same the world over. There may be differences of color or religion or attitudes, but at a farmers' meeting the discussion sounds like a farmers' meeting anywhere. In Thailand the meeting is in the preaching hall of the temple instead of the community hall, although the farmers might also meet in the school as we do. The farmers and their wives sit on the floor instead of chairs, but when they talk it is the same talk: "How do we get the children to school when it is so far away?" "Why should we raise pigs when prices are always going down?" "What about farm credit?" "How do we start a co-operative?" "What can we do about this grain pest?" "How do we get a library in our village?" It is these common concerns of people all over the world which make technical assistance possible and make the sharing of knowledge so rewarding.

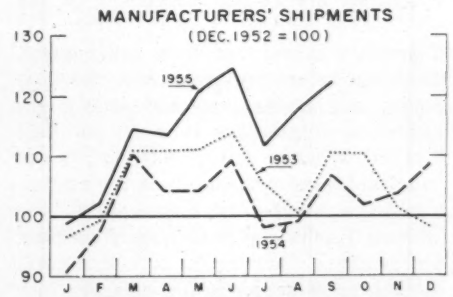
BUSINESS

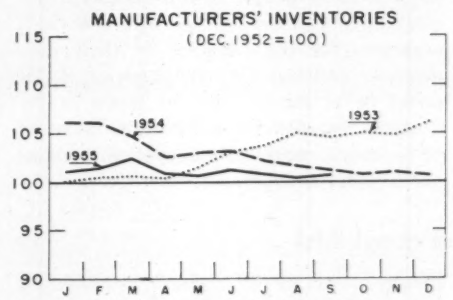
The 1955 Record

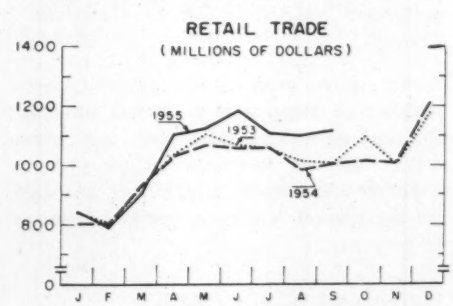
CANADIANS in 1955 have produced more, imported more, exported more, earned more, spent more, consumed more, borrowed more, saved more and invested more than in any previous year. With prices remaining relatively stable, there has been a marked gain in physical output and in the real standard of living of our people. The level of business activity this year has exceeded all expectations. Not only has the Canadian economy regained the ground lost in 1954 but it has resumed a rapid rate of expansion. While final data will not be available for some time a gross national product in excess of $26 billion is assured.—*A. C. Ashforth, President, The Toronto-Dominion Bank.*

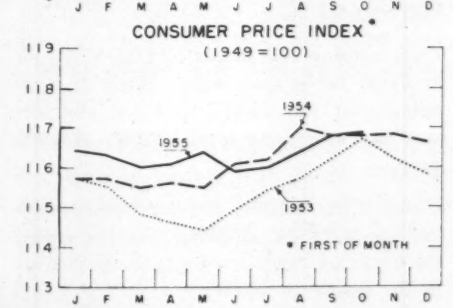


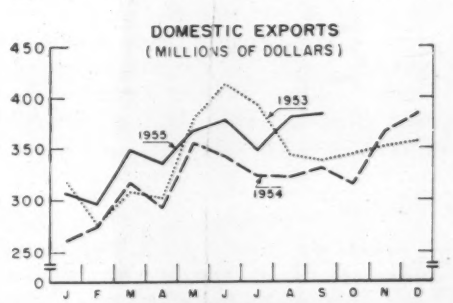


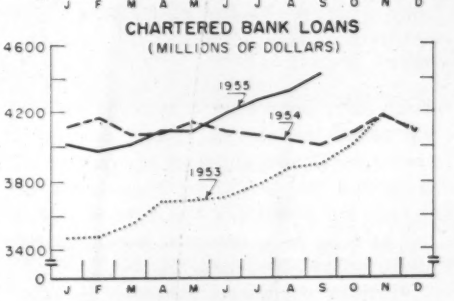


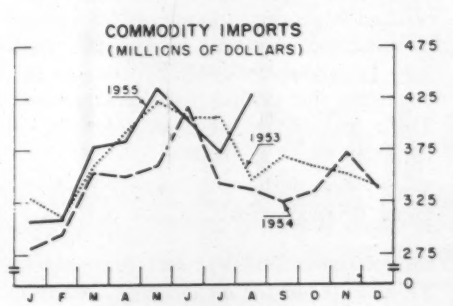


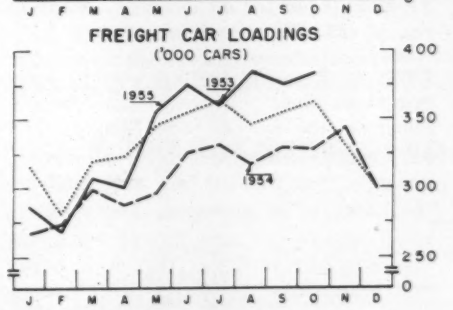


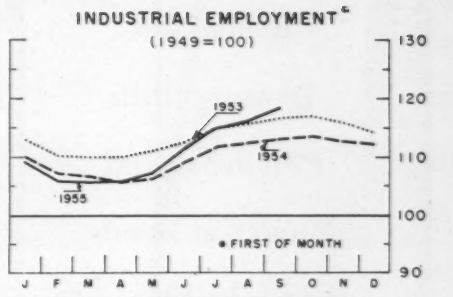


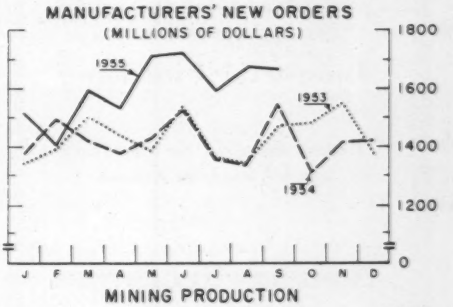


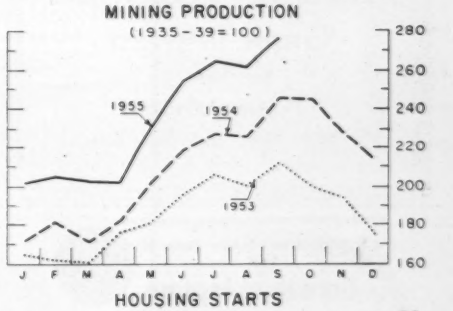


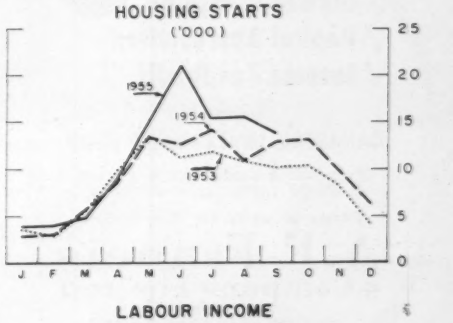


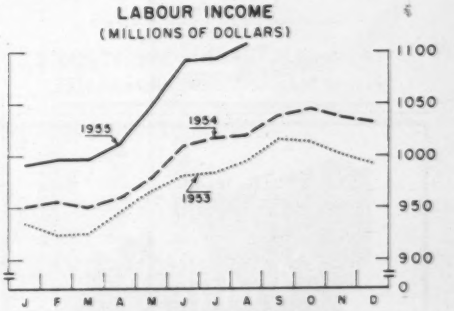


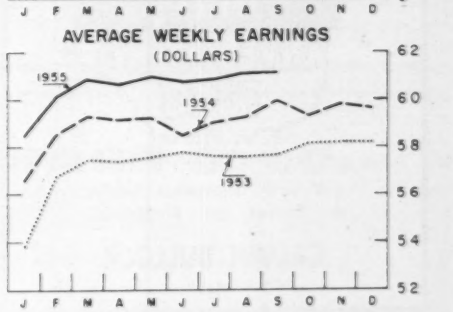












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Brazilian

I purchased 200 shares of Brazilian Traction a year ago at 7¾ and just before the announcement of a stock dividend. In view of the recent events in Brazil, can you give an appraisal of the stock? Would you hold it or sell it?—S.I., Guelph, Ont.

Brazilian's payment of stock dividends reflects the difficulty of converting cruzeiros into dollars with which to pay dividends to stockholders, the majority of whom are domiciled outside Brazil. Earnings are good and so are growth prospects.

The foreign stockholder, however, has to ask himself whether his nerves are equal to the recurring uncertainty each quarter as to the dividend. If the old rate of 25 cents cash quarterly could be restored, one could look for a recovery of the price to the $10 level. Don't expect the stock to go much above that, since South American investors are a factor and are notorious for demanding much higher yields than Canadians and Americans normally accept. In the past selling by South American investors seemed to be most prominent when the stock reached a 10 per cent yield level.

Ogama

I would like your opinion on Ogama selling around 16 cents at which level a party wants me to buy it. He says it will be worth quite a lot later on.—T.J., Yarmouth, NS.

Your party must have a machine for seeing under the ground. There is nothing about the Ogama situation to warrant the prediction that it will be worth more, although this possibility can never be ruled out as long as a company has a charter and a property. Ogama has both.

Previous operations exhausted ore and resulted in property closure, but there may be other ore which can be found by drilling. Just how the company can get finances for this drilling is hard to foresee. There are dozens of gold properties in the same plight as Ogama.

Con. Sudbury

Consolidated Sudbury has been recommended to me for an advance. What do you think?—F.S., Amherst, NS.

Every stock on the board is liked by some one at all times or there wouldn't be any buyers in the market. Consolidated Sudbury is a high-class speculative promotion, but only time will tell how successful are the hopes of its sponsors. The property is an ancient one and former work was not especially profitable, but it is hoped that present-day metallurgy will produce results not possible 25 or 30 years ago. Ventures is in the picture, if that means anything.

Hoyle

What is your opinion of DeCoursey-Brewis, Radiore, Hoyle and Chibougamau Explorers?—M.D., Montreal, Que.

Since we answer only one query at a time, we'll select Hoyle. It seems to be in danger of working into the same over-extended position about which its parent, Ventures, boasted or for which it apologized for several years.

Tax Brackets

I hold Consolidated Denison Mines Ltd. at $7. Recent prices are disconcerting.—L. E., Timmins, Ont.

The current attractions of uraniums with a contract are largely dependent on the tax brackets of their holders. Obviously, if you are in a 50 per cent tax bracket, dividends on a producing and dividend-paying uranium have not the same implications as if you are in a 15 per cent bracket. What helped to pull the rug out from under the uraniums was the realization of a number of buyers that their ultimate profits depended largely on their tax brackets. Anyone in a low bracket (do you know people in this category with stock-buying power?) could afford to hold uraniums for the duration of their government contract. At the end of it, he could be in the position of being in the uranium business at no cost as a result of dividends received and applied to offset his original investment.

Petrol Oil

Please advise me of any new development pertaining to Petrol Oil & Gas.—S.L., Toronto.

As far as the property is concerned, there has been nothing new on Petrol up until the time of writing. However, some American interests have entered the picture. Whether the impact which this has had on the market has been justified remains to be seen.

Gulch

I am holding 200 shares of Gulch bought at $1.00 for a long hold. What is your opinion of this stock? Do you consider it a buy at present levels?—S.R., Regina, Sask.

Gulch is just another uranium speculation; the secret of its ultimate fate lies under the rocks of Northern Canada, as well as in the future of uranium.

Giant Yellowknife

I would appreciate your views on Giant Yellowknife.—W.J., Vernon, BC.

Giant is not without speculative attractions for those who believe that the world will continue to need gold. While the yellow metal is in the eclipse, some believe this is only temporary and that it will regain its former honored position in monetary affairs.

Buckles

Is Buckles Uranium a safe investment? —L.E., Oshawa, Ont.

Investments are "safe" only in a relative sense. Even government bonds have not been "safe" in recent years, owing to the inflationary fiscal policies of governments which result in their debts being paid in 50 cent dollars.

It is practically impossible to apply the designation "safe" to an early-stage uranium exploration project such as Buckles.

Zenmac

Is Zenmac a dead duck or has it any prospect of amounting to something good? Should I sell now and take my loss or hang on to the stock?—C.J., Cornwall, Ont.

Zenmac is highly speculative. Its current hopes are mainly based on any chance there may be of getting a new property or of fresh indications on one of its existing holdings.

Standard Paving

I would appreciate your opinion regarding the possibility of further appreciation in Standard Paving.—B.B., Grimsby, Ont.

Standard Paving is high in relation to former levels, but what isn't? If you are a trader, you could consider selling Standard Paving in the hope of getting in a little lower. If you are an investor, forget short term speculative swings and think of the future of Canada. What other company stands to benefit more from the development of this country than Standard Paving?

In Brief

I bought Lorado at $3.10 but recent market quotations have me slightly worried. Is the sinking spell the result of a general slump or a poor guess?—M.P., Ottawa.

Both.

I recently purchased Sand River. What is your opinion of this firm and what are the possibilities of a capital gain?—B.J., Weston, Ont.

Very remote.

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Insurance

Young Married Men

by William Sclater

WHEN PLANNING the purchase of life insurance, a young married man should consider his two primary requirements in the way of protective coverage: the provision of a cash payment to his wife in the event of his death, and the need to provide a continuing income to protect her and the children.

The purpose of providing cash at such a time is obvious. There may be sickness expenses as well as funeral expenses, to be met along with other debts which the widow will be required to pay, and a reasonable cash provision should be made against such an emergency.

There is no great problem to that, but the young married man often encounters a difficulty when he checks up on the cost of an annuity which will provide his wife with a regular income in the event of his death.

For a young married man—say, age 30 in 1956, with a wife and two children—the popular development of recent years is a family income or family protection rider to a basic life insurance policy.

This means that he begins with an ordinary life insurance policy for $5,000, for example. The premium cost on this policy could be as low as $8 per month, or $96 a year. For every $1,000 of life insurance which he carries he will be allowed to purchase $20 a month income protection for his wife at a very low rate. If he exercises the full option of the $100 a month income protection for his wife, on a 20-year contract, the cost of this additional protection will be $39 a year, or about $3.25 per month.

What this means is that he has purchased, for a period of 20 years from date, an income protection for his wife in the event of his death. Should he die at any time in that 20-year period, his wife will receive $100 a month for the balance of the period and, at the end of that time, the full $5,000 in cash of the basic life insurance policy as well. If he died at age 35, the widow would receive the $100 a month for 15 years and then be paid the $5,000. If he died at 40, she would receive it for ten years and then the capital sum.

The $100-a-month protection in the family rider plan is not necessarily a fixed sum. It can be increased to $150 or more. It can be decreased. What is fixed is that not more than $20 is allowable per $1,000 of basic insurance. To make it $150 per month it would be necessary to take out a basic life insurance policy of $7,500. The period can also be arranged to suit the buyer.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA POWER CORPORATION, LIMITED

DIVIDEND No. 9

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of thirty cents (30¢) per share on the outstanding Common Shares of the Company has been declared payable 16th January, 1956 to shareholders of record as at the close of business on 21st December, 1955.

The transfer books of the Company will not be closed.

By Order of the Board.

G. G. WOODWARD,
Assistant Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
8th December, 1955.

Who's Who in Business

Life With General Motors

EDWARD V. RIPPINGILLE, President and General Manager of General Motors Diesel Ltd. at London, Ontario, was born in Brooklyn in 1910. His father was a GM executive before him and he moved to Detroit at an early age. For a short time he studied languages at Berlin University while his father was on a European assignment.

In 1930 he joined General Motors and graduated from the GM Institute of Technology at Flint, Michigan, after four years of classroom study and practical work in the Cadillac plant. He then started as a foreman with the Cleveland Diesel Engine Division and in 1937 switched to the Electro-Motive Division at La Grange, Illinois, when he was made assistant master mechanic in charge of equipping a new plant for the production of diesel engines.

E. V. Rippingille, Jr.

In 1940 he became superintendent of a new plant to start producing "pancake" diesel engines for U.S. Navy submarine chasers. In 1947 he took charge of another new plant for components in Chicago and in 1949 he was chosen to launch Canada's first plant for the exclusive manufacture of diesel-electric locomotives.

Except for a year on loan to the Canadian Government as director of the Aircraft Division of the Department of Defence Production, he has remained ever since with the London plant—the most modern of its kind in Canada, which now accounts for 50 per cent of Canadian diesel production. The plant has built and delivered nearly 700 locomotives since June, 1950; 57 of them have been shipped to Europe, Asia, Africa and South America. The company also handles the sale in Canada of marine and industrial diesels from the United States.

Since he has been living in Canada he has taken an active part in local community affairs. He was elected President of the London Chamber of Commerce for two consecutive terms and is a member of the Community Chest and the Red Cross executive. He is married, with two boys and finds his recreation in shooting and in sailing a 65-ft. schooner on Lake Erie. A large, youthful-looking man, he has a habit of suddenly breaking into hilarious laughter after periods of brooding reserve.

Mr. Rippingille considers that the problems in the Canadian automotive industry are only similar to those in American industry, on balance, costs working out much the same. The present labor troubles in the industry are, in his opinion, "transitory". The plant currently employs over 900 people and less than thirty have been laid off at any time since operations began five years ago. Automation—or "mechanization" as he prefers to call it — will lead, he says, to greater employment, not to less. He does not anticipate any revolutionary developments in diesel engines during the next ten years.

General Motors diesel locomotives are built on a "progressive assembly line" similar to that in automobile plants, with the assembly of components taking place in bays along the line. The President is known for his insistence on "good housekeeping" and he offers prizes for plant maintenance.

Sixteen Americans were originally brought here to help start the plant but only three now remain, including Mr. Rippingille himself. It is his aim to train Canadians to undertake the whole operation by themselves and to this end he has instituted scholarships at the University of Western Ontario. He expects to return to the United States "one of these days".

On April 24, 1955, a new era in Canadian railroading was started with the inauguration of fast trans-continental passenger schedules by the Canadian National and Canadian Pacific Railways. Running times were clipped by almost 20 per cent. Both "name trains", the Super Continental and The Canadian, are powered by passenger locomotives, built by General Motors Diesel Limited, London, Ontario. Much of the credit for this milestone in the development of Canadian communications belongs to the man whose undertaking at London is just one more job in life with General Motors — the world's largest corporation.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND No. 262

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of Thirty-five cents (35¢) per share has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1956, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of February, 1956 to shareholders of record of 31st December, 1955, shares subscribed for but not fully paid for at the close of business on the 31st December, 1955, to rank for the purpose of the said Dividend to the extent of the payments then made on the said shares.

By order of the Board.
JOHN S. PROCTOR,
General Manager.

Toronto, 7th December, 1955.

IMPERIAL
"the bank that service built"

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 276 AND EXTRA

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-five cents per fully paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending January 31, 1956, payable at the Bank and its branches on February 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1955.

Notice is also hereby given that an extra dividend of twenty cents per fully paid share on the outstanding Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared, payable at the Bank and its branches on February 1, 1956, to shareholders of record at the close of business on December 31, 1955.

By Order of the Board
N. J. McKINNON
General Manager

Toronto, 9th December, 1955

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a final dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1955, payable in Canadian Funds on February 29, 1956, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m. on January 6, 1956.

By Order of the Board.
FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, December 12, 1955.

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

TOWARDS the end of the eighties there was a marked improvement in the thematic and technical qualities of the English two-mover. Among noted composers who were active were B. G. Laws, Dr. C. Planck, MA, T. Taverner, G. J. Slater and, in Jamaica, A. F. Mackenzie. No special advance was made with the three-mover, and this was reflected in *The Chess Problem Text Book*, 1886.

An advance in the three-mover did come much later, and it is important to notice that the leaders in this were the Colonials C. A. L. Bull in Natal, born at Twickenham in 1869, and the peerless Mackenzie.

Solution of Problem No. 130

1.K-B8, K-B5; 2.Kt-K3ch, etc. 1.K-B8, K-K4; 2.Kt-Q3ch, etc. 1.K-B8, K-K3 or P-B4; 2.Q-KB7ch, etc. 1.K-B8, threat; 2.Q-Q4ch, etc.

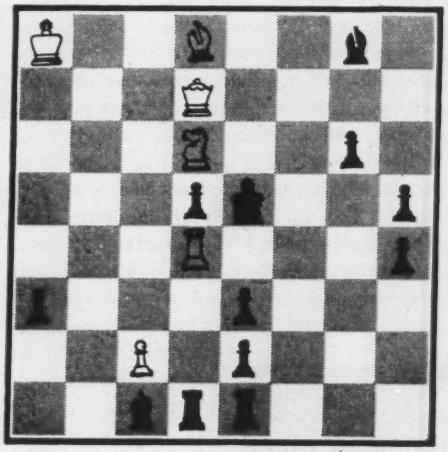
The first two variations present the Bayersdorfer chameleon echo mates.

Problem No. 131 by C. A. L. Bull.

Black—Twelve Pieces.

White—Six Pieces.

White mates in three.



Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"ANY PENNIES?" asked Tom. His friend checked: "Yes, but only five." "And I haven't any," said Tom, jingling his coins, "so it'll be a real gamble as neither of us knows how much the other's got." He started dealing the cards: "The first game the loser pays a fifth of his money to the winner, and the second game a quarter of what he's got left and the third game a third." So they played and paid. After paying his loss on the third game, Tim stood up. "No more crazy stakes for me," he laughed. But it had worked out quite well, as the winner of the first game ended up with seven cents more than the other. And no great harm could have been done anyway, as they had even less than a dollar between them. So now can you figure out how much each of them had when they started? (13)

Answer on Page 26.

Put It Down!

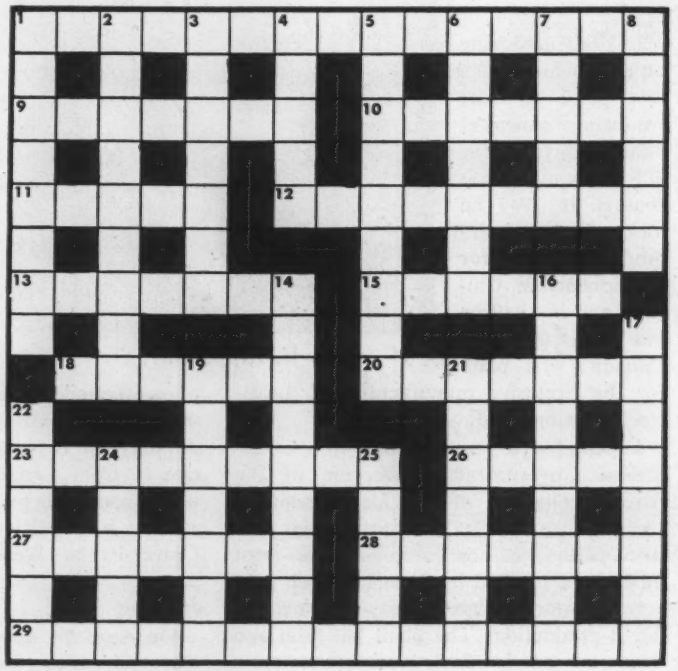
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1 As the school boy said, when studying Plato? (3, 3, 5, 2, 2)
9 Sign—of a red nose, perhaps. (7)
10 Can a stake start the game? (7)
11 I can't get around to caper in Huxley's hay. (5)
12 Sid backs up at monopolies and views them with suspicion. (9)
13 An envelope without a letter will still do this to the letter. (7)
15 Blue? Go to India without an article on. (6)
18 Are the United States able to get together on this employment question? (6)
20 Lasts, like figures and pictures do. (7)
23 The sexes can't intermingle with such precision. (9)
26 Some steps of Fred Astaire's that most of us can manage. (5)
27 3+2+3=1. (7)
28 "O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He .....d in his joy". (Jabberwocky) (7)
29 As an across clue this is, because of position and length. (4, 3, 3, 5)

DOWN

1 Arctic Ocean? (3, 5)
2 I'd see vast changes from a use of these. (9)
3 Ballads in which Wordsworth and Coleridge collaborated in the manner you'd expect. (7)
4 Agreed that the capital should be relinquished. (5)
5 The desire of 4. (9)
6 Benevolent color of the family tree? (7)
7 A half-sister with nothing on is a refreshing sight to the traveller. (5)
8 Please come over. (6)
14 In 17, the first six letters do, in their manner of placement. (9)
16 He was a truly gargantuan figure. (9)
17 The entire U.S. could be hungry if this change took place. (8)
19 This gets a sponger in hot water at times. (4, 3)
21 Come up, Ed, with the loot. (7)
22 Get the wind up again. (6)
24 The voices of normal Toscas are not these. (5)
25 Cocoa's lost nothing by being stirred by Vanzetti. (5)



Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS

1 It won't be long now
9, 10, 15 The proof of the pudding
9, 31, 23. The present time
10 See 9
11 Won
12 See 30
13 Briny
14 Eve
16 Hog
17, 13D, 28, 8. Blow, blow thou winter wind
18 Borrow
21 Parade
23 See 9, 17D and 20
24 Sun
26 Dam
27 See 5
28 See 17A
30, 12 Ill will
31 See 9
33 Hen
34 God rest you merry

DOWN

1 Iota
2 Weeding
3 Nepal
4 Boo
5, 9, 27 Left in the lurch
6 Nifty
7 New Year
8, 13 See 17A
15 See 9
17, 23 Bedtime
19 One
20, 23 High time
22 Rumbled
24 Smother
25 Orient
27 Lapse
28 Totem
29 Envy
32 Ego (380)

Yvonne Taylor: Theatres for the discriminating.

The Taylor Home: Background for varied living.

The Feminine Touch

by Harriet Thomas

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Nat Taylor bought their attractive home in North Toronto, they removed the picture window in the recreation room and fitted in a projection booth. This was a natural enough innovation. Nat Taylor is head of Twentieth Century Pictures, and Yvonne Taylor has always been fascinated by the movies. With their projection room completed they could now settle down in comfortable chairs, in the privacy of their Chinese-red walls, to watch moving pictures six nights in the week.

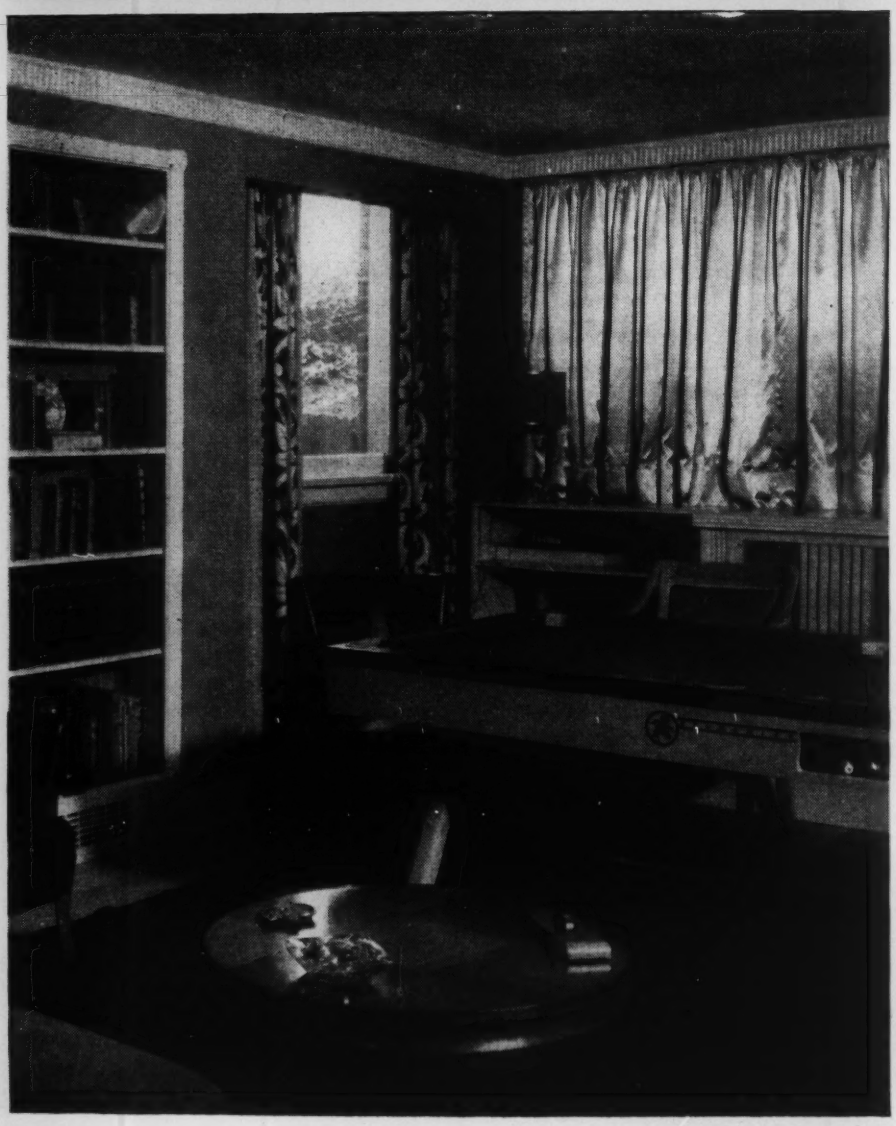
Eventually however, Mrs. Taylor tired of the average commercial film and began asking, "Why can't we have the sort of movies *I* like?" Before long, the question became, "Why can't we have the sort of theatre that will show the kind of movies I like?" As a result the International Cinema came into existence. It turned out to be one of the minor miracles in the history of movie-distribution.

Originally known as the Oriole, it had been a small neighborhood theatre, distinguished by nothing except the lack of success of anything that played there. Mrs. Taylor redecorated and refurnished it, drew up a program that would appeal to a more discriminating clientele, and then gave a cocktail party to celebrate the opening. She recalls now that as the drinks circulated the congratulations on the new enterprise turned to candid condolences. Half her guests were convinced that she wouldn't find a market for her films.

Mrs. Taylor isn't easily discouraged, however. The personnel of the new theatre was working fifteen hours a day and the new owner worked right along with them, lending a hand anywhere, from the box office to the candy counter. On opening night she turned up in evening dress, but since she was carrying a flashlight, most of the new patrons mistook her for an usher and were considerably surprised when she appeared on the platform to make an introductory speech.

Early stories, says Mrs. Taylor, gave the impression that her husband handed over the new enterprise as though it had been a mink coat. "Here, try this on for size." Actually, it was a shrewdly calculated risk. The Taylors had estimated very closely both the need for a special type of cinema and the chances for its success. In the early weeks, to be sure, it rapidly lost six thousand dollars, but it picked up immediately with the showing of Sir Laurence Olivier's *Henry V*. After that it began to develop a loyal and growing clientele, with a list of patrons who turned up faithfully, often from out of town, for every new program. It was so successful, in fact, that within a few years Mrs. Taylor doubled the original venture and opened the Towne theatre, which was designed to operate along the same lines, and appeal to the same type of patron, as the International Cinema. As it turned out, there was plenty of room in the city for both enterprises.

The Towne theatre, which was built and decorated entirely according to Yvonne Taylor's own specifications, carries out the



Taylor tradition of imagination and taste. It is a very feminine taste, and Mrs. Taylor herself is a very feminine figure, small and chic, with a shy, charming smile. She is not a careerist by temperament, and claims that she has little talent for business and no head for figures. As a cashier, she admits, she often ended up with a surplus that couldn't be satisfactorily explained, and she gave up the candy counter when she discovered she had been selling chocolate bars for two cents more than they cost anywhere else in the country. Her special talent, she feels, lies in supplying the feminine touch that is equally attractive to male and female theatre-patrons. "I like to have people feel they are coming into a home when they come into my theatre," she says. According to Mr. Taylor, however, she owes her success largely to her stubborn insistence, often under pressure, on showing only the pictures that appeal to her own taste and intelligence. The feminine touch, when necessary, can be firm.

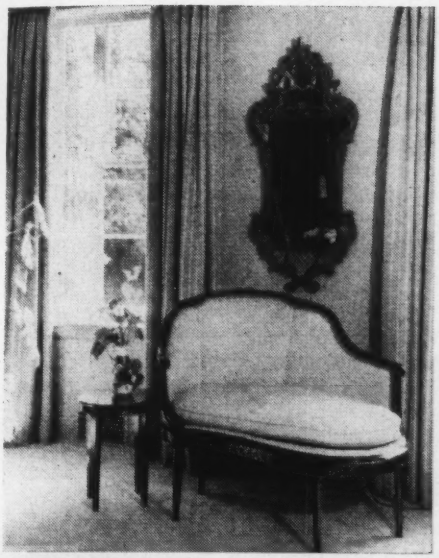
The house on Mason Boulevard reflects her interest in both the traditional and the picturesque. She likes simple modern backgrounds warmed by color and enlivened by period detail. The soft green walls in her living-room are high-lighted by a pair of blue Sevres vases on the mantel-piece, and the same favorite blend of blue and green is carried out in subtly woven draperies.

During her travels, which occupy two months of every year, she has made an interesting collection of antiques, and she doesn't hesitate to convert these to modern use. Thus a prayer bench has been filled with plants for her sunny dining-room window and a beautiful inlaid Italian piece has been turned into a spacious coffee table.

Her enthusiasms are infectious, and when she took up painting some time ago she turned up unexpected talent in her own family—the Dufy-like pictures on the walls were painted by her eighteen-year-old son Michael. Music also plays a large part in the life of Mason Boulevard. She is an enthusiastic record collector and an accomplished pianist.

Like most households, the Taylor ménage reflects the talents, interests and spirit of its mistress. Since Mrs. Taylor's talents are exceptional, her interests wide, and her spirits naturally gay, it is an unusually attractive home.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Nat Taylor on Mason Boulevard in North Toronto reflects the interests and tastes of the family: movies in the recreation room, music and art everywhere. Mrs. Taylor's favorite colors, soft greens and blues, are used both as background and accent and her skill at combining fine antiques with modern pieces is apparent throughout all the rooms.



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GEORGETOWN, ONT.

Letters

Massacre of the Meek

I was interested in N. J. Berrill's very sympathetic article "Massacre of the Meek" . . .

There are two corrections, however, I would like to make:—First, the use of humans for the production of the vaccine is not the only alternative to the use of monkeys . . . Vaccine is being successfully produced by leading pharmaceutical firms in chick embryo and human placenta. Second, it is well known among animal welfare workers that the sufferings of the monkeys caused by shocking conditions in transport constitute one of the worst blots on humanitarian standards in our time in the field of animal welfare.

VANCOUVER — H. M. COPP

Lady Docker

The atrocious snobbery of your London correspondent, Beverley Nichols, exceeded all the bounds of good taste in his comment on the unspeakable Lady Docker . . . His observation about the Lady's preference for zebra skins over mink ("maybe there are people who will find that remark vulgar—if they lived in a Welfare State, they would find it infinitely refreshing") reveals the man's state of mind. The Welfare State in Britain came about because of the excesses of such people as Lady Docker, spending in reckless extravagance the money wrung from the labor of workers who must slave to keep body and soul together . . .

HALIFAX — ANDREW MACQUEEN

Editor's note: The point made by Mr. Nichols was that Lady Docker is extremely popular with the people who work in her husband's factories, and this suggested that people in a welfare state welcome a splash of color to relieve their boredom.

Once More Fluorine

. . . Dr. R. A. MacLeod advised me that the U.S. Public Health Service and the University of Illinois have shown that "Fluorine present in such natural substances as fish and tea is largely available for the body's assimilation".

We wrote to both sources and were informed by the University of Illinois that they did not recall any work that was conducted in their laboratories on the fluorine content in tea and its extractability by boiling water. From the Public Health Service in Bethesda, Maryland, we received word that no special work has been done on the extractability of fluorine from tea but a small paper was forwarded to us entitled "Fluorine in Foods". This paper showed that fluorine in tea leaves varies greatly depending upon the geographical origin of the tea plant and that some of that fluorine can be extracted by *boiling* in water. However, in the ordinary process of preparing tea, only about 0.3 p.p.m. go into solution, that is, of course, very little. If tea as a beverage were to contain from 30-60 p.p.m. as Dr. M. H. Garvin believes, every tea-drinker, and that is practically the whole population, would be disfigured with mottled teeth, which are the consequence of such heavy fluorine consumption.

TORONTO — F. A. J. ZEIDLER, PH.D.

Forgotten Hero?

As an old subscriber I am very disappointed that another typical Canadian Hero has been forgotten. In the review of the motion picture *Dam Busters* your reviewer missed the point . . .

The wrecking of the Ruhr dams . . . was brilliantly conceived, we grant. The point is, the raid was led with high and inspiring courage by Squadron-Leader Gibson VC, a Canadian from Winnipeg. Sic Transit Gloria.

NORTH VANCOUVER — G. STEVENS

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	13
BUSINESS	17
COVER STORY	9
CURRENT ACCOUNT	15
FILMS	12
OTTAWA LETTER	11
WOMEN	23

SATURDAY NIGHT
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ANSWER TO PUZZLER
Tom 10c; Tim 35c.

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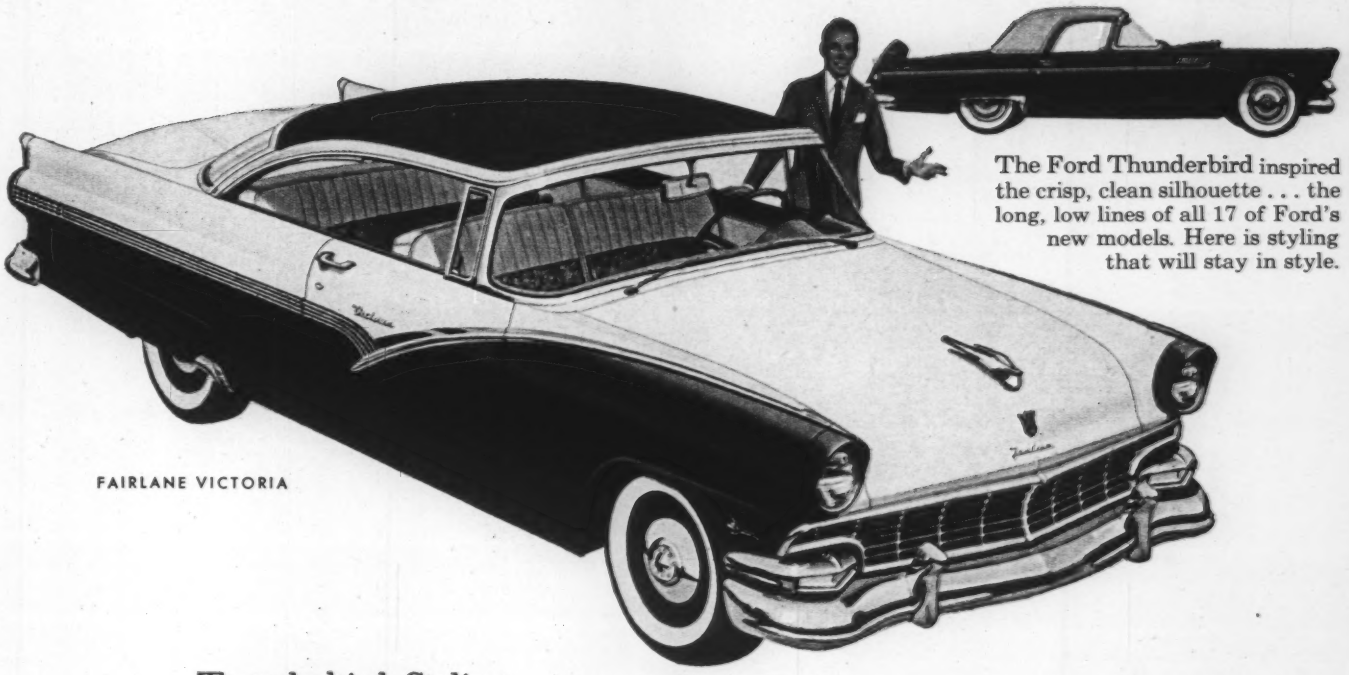

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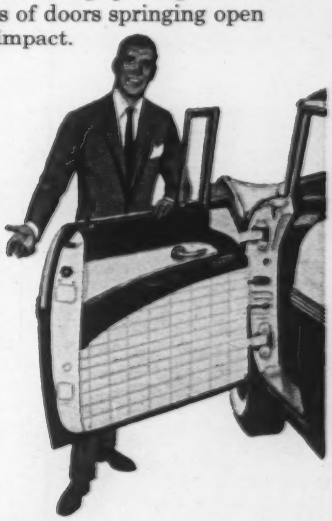
The 202-Hp. Thunderbird Y-8 with its split-second passing power can be yours in any of Ford's Fordomatic Fairlane or Station Wagon models.

Ford's new Lifeguard door latches have a double-grip design to reduce chances of doors springing open under impact.



New Ford seat belts (optional) are designed to keep occupants securely in their seats. They are anchored firmly to the floor and can resist up to 4,000 pounds' pulling force.

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(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

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Echoes of Spain
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CARIBBEAN CRUISE
L'Italiana in Algeri
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ISRAELI FOLK DANCES
Wiener Blut
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Schumann:
CONCERTO
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